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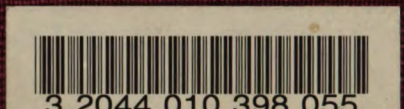
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Your Beauty & Modesty have forced from me a declaration of Love.

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THE

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE POETRY;

TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED

THE CALENDAR OF FLOWERS

AND

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

EIGHTH AMERICAN,
FROM THE TENTH LONDON EDITION.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR OF "FORGET ME NOT."

How much there is of the heart's eloquence
In but a simple flower!—Oh, Flowers were made
For Love's interpreters!

L. E. L.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.
1848.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

DUCHESS OF KENT,

THIS VOLUME

IS

BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

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PREFACE.

When Nature laughs out in all the triumph of Spring, it may be said, without a metaphor, that, in her thousand varieties of flowers, we see the sweetest of her smiles; that, through them, we comprehend the exultation of her joys; and that, by them, she wafts her songs of thanksgiving to the heaven above her, which repays her tribute of gratitude with looks of love. Yes, flowers have their language. Theirs is an oratory that speaks

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in perfumed silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the light-heartedness of mirth, in the variegated beauty of their vocabulary. To the poetical mind, they are not mute to each other; to the pious, they are not mute to their Creator: and ours shall be the office, in this little volume, to translate their pleasing language, and to show that no spoken word can approach to the delicacy of sentiment to be inferred from a flower seasonably offered; that the softest impressions may be thus conveyed without offence, and even profound grief alleviated, at a moment when the most tuneful voice would grate harshly on the ear, and when the stricken soul can be soothed only by unbroken silence.

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In treating of so gay a subject, we will not make a parade of our learning, to tell our fair readers what fine things Pliny has said upon it; or, in the spirit of prosing, write a crabbed treatise upon the Egyptian hieroglyphics. We will even spare them a dissertation upon the Floral Alphabet of the effeminate Chinese; they had, and have, their flowers and their feelings, their emblems and their ecstacies. Let them enjoy them. We shall do no more than rove through the European Garden, to cull its beauties, to arrange them into odoriferous significance, and to teach our refined and purifying science to those fair beings, the symbols of whose mortal beauty are but inadequately found in the most glorious flowers, and

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whose mental charms cannot be duly typified till we shall have reached those abodes where reigns everlasting spring, and where decay is unknown.

But little study will be requisite for the science which we teach. Nature has been before us. We must, however, premise two or three rules. When a flower is presented in its natural position, the sentiment is to be understood affirmatively; when reversed, negatively. For instance, a rose-bud, with its leaves and thorns, indicates *fear* with *hope;* but if reversed, it must be construed as saying "you may neither *fear* nor *hope*." Again, divest the same rose-bud of its thorns, and it permits the most sanguine hope; deprive it of its petals, and retain the thorns, and the worst fears

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may be entertained. The expression of every flower may be thus varied by varying its state or position. The Marigold is emblematical of pain; place it on the head, and it signifies trouble of mind; on the heart, the pangs of love; on the bosom, the disgusts of *ennui*. The pronoun *I* is expressed by inclining the symbol to the right, and the pronoun *thou* by inclining it to the left.

These are a few of the rudiments of our significant language. We call upon Friendship and Love to unite their discoveries with ours; for it is in the power only of these sweetest sentiments of our nature to bring to perfection what they have so beautifully invented, the mystical, yet pleasing, links of intelligence, that bind soul to soul, in the

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tender and quiet harmony of the one, or in the more impassioned felicity of the other.

By way of conclusion, it may be proper to remark that though this work is founded on a small French volume, yet from the alterations which have been introduced, it cannot, strictly speaking, be called a translation.

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INTRODUCTION.

If we may believe modern interpreters, the language of flowers was known to the ancients, and it would appear that the Greeks understood the art of communicating a secret message through the medium of a bouquet. It is only necessary to consult the Dream-book of Artemidorus to be convinced that every individual flower of which the wreath of the ancients were composed conveyed some particular meaning. At all events, it is evident that garlands were conspicuous in the emblematic devices of antiquity.

Our English poets have not neglected to avail themselves of the emblematic language of flowers. On this subject, a late writer has the following observations.

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Shakspeare has evinced in several of his plays a knowledge and a love of flowers, but in no instance has he shown his taste and judgment in the selection of them with greater effect than in forming the coronal wreath of the lovely maniac, Ophelia. The Queen describes the garland as composed of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples; and there can be no question that Shakspeare intended them all to have an emblematic meaning.

The crow-flower is a species of lychnis, alluded to by Drayton in his Polyolbion. The common English name is meadow lychnis, or meadow campion. It is sometimes found double in our hedgerows, but more commonly in France; and in this form we are told by Parkinson it was called *The Fayre Mayde of France.* It is to this name and to this variety that Shakspeare alludes in Hamlet.

The long-purples are commonly called dead men's hands, or fingers.

"Our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them."

The daisy (or day's eye) imports the true virginity or spring of life, as being itself the virgin bloom of the year.

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The intermixture of nettles requires no comment.

Admitting the correctness of this interpretation, the whole is an exquisite specimen of emblematic or picture writing. They are all wild flowers, denoting the *bewildered* state of the beautiful Ophelia's own faculties; and the order runs thus, with the meaning of each term beneath:

Crow-flowers.	Nettles.	Daisies.	Long-purples.
Fayre Mayde	Stung to the quick	Her virgin bloom	Under the cold hand of death.

"A fair maid stung to the quick; her virgin bloom under the cold hand of death."

It would be difficult to find a more emblematic wreath for this interesting victim of disappointed love and filial sorrow.

Flowers, the emblems and favourites of the fair, are not every where prized merely for their beauty and their perfume; invention has created from them symbolic phrases for expressing the secret sentiments of the heart. This language is most generally used by the Turkish and Greek women in the Levant, and by the African females on the coast of Barbary.

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Castellan, in his "Letters on Greece," mentions that when he was passing through the lovely valley of Bujukderu on the Bosphorus, his attention was attracted by a little country pleasure-house, surrounded by a neat garden. Beneath one of the grated windows stood a young Turk, who, after playing a light prelude on the tambur, a sort of mandoline, sang a love-song, in which the following verse occurred:—

The nightingale wanders from flower to flower,
Seeking the rose, his heart's only prize;*
Thus did my love change every hour,
Until I saw thee, light of my eyes!

No sooner was the song ended than a small white hand opened the lattice of the window, and dropped a bunch of flowers. The young Turk picked up the nosegay, and appeared to read in it some secret message. He pressed it to his bosom, then fastened it in his turban, and, after making some signs towards the window, he withdrew. The young gallant appeared from his

* Alluding to the love of the nightingale for the rose, which is a favourite theme of the Oriental poets. The nightingale, a bird of passage in the East, as with us, appears at the season when the rose begins to blow.

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dress to be nothing more than a poor water-carrier. But the Turkish proverb says that, however high a woman may rear her head towards the clouds, her feet nevertheless touch the earth. The girl was actually the daughter of a rich Jew, worth a hundred thousand piastres.

A nosegay, or garland of flowers, ingeniously selected, and put together for the purpose of communicating in secret and expressive language the sentiments of the heart, is in the East called a *Salaam* (salutation.) It often happens that a female slave corresponds with her lover merely by the various arrangement of flower-pots in a garden. Written love-letters would often be inadequate to convey an idea of the feelings which are thus expressed through the medium of flowers. Thus, orange-flowers signify hope; marigold, despair; sunflowers, constancy; roses, beauty; and tulips represent the complaints of infidelity.

This hieroglyphic language is known only to the lover and his mistress. In order to envelop it the more completely in the veil of secresy, the significations of the different flowers are changed, in conformity with a preconcerted plan; for ex-

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ample, the rose is employed to express the idea which would otherwise be attached to the amaranth, the gilliflower is substituted for the pomegranate blossom, &c.

The language of flowers is much employed in the Turkish harems, where the women practise it either for the sake of mere diversion in their solitude, or for the purpose of secret communication.

La Motraie, the companion of Charles XII., and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, were the first who gave celebrity in Europe to the language of flowers. The few examples cited by Lady Montagu are not calculated to afford a clear and accurate idea of the principles on which this language is founded. Its spirit consists not, as might naturally be supposed, in the connexion which fancy may trace between particular flowers and certain thoughts and feelings. Such an idea never entered the heads of the fair inventresses of the oriental language of flowers. They have contented themselves with merely taking a word which may happen to rhyme with the name of any particular flower or fruit, and then filling up the given rhyme with some fanciful phrase corre-

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sponding with its signification. The language, therefore, consists not of individual words, but of whole phrases; and a flower or fruit expresses an idea suggested by the word with which its name happens to rhyme. Thus, for instance, the word Armonde (Pear) rhymes among other words with Omonde (hope;) and this rhyme is filled up as follows:—"Armonde—Wer bana bir Omonde;" Pear—(Let me not despair.)

The Turkish dialect being rich in rhymes, presents a multitude of words corresponding in sound with the names of flowers, or any other objects that may be selected; but these rhymes are not all admitted into the language of flowers, and the knowledge of this language consists in being acquainted with the proper rhyme. The vocabulary is not extensive, for the whole language scarcely exceeds a hundred signs and phrases. The celebrated orientalist, Mr. von Hammer, collected from the Greek and Armenian women who are permitted to visit the harems many of the phrases of this curious language, which have been published, with a French and German translation, in the Miscellany entitled, "Mines of the East."

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In India, which may be regarded as the cradle of poetry, we are informed that it is customary to express, by the combination of flowers, those sentiments of the heart which are regarded as too refined and sacred to be communicated through the common medium of words. The young females of Amboyna are singularly ingenious in the art of conversing in the language of flowers and fruits. Yet this language, like that employed in Turkey and in other parts of the East, bears no resemblance to that with which we have hitherto been acquainted in Europe; though, according to the received notion, we were indebted for our first knowledge of this language to the Crusaders and to pilgrims who visited the Holy Land.

In early times it was customary in Europe to employ particular colours for the purpose of expressing certain ideas and feelings. The enamoured knight indicated his passion by wearing a red and voilet scarf—if he made choice of a reddish gray colour, it was to denote that love had urged him to the combat—on the other hand, the combination of yellow, green, and violet, pro-

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claimed that the knight returned triumphant from the conflict, and had gained the reward of love.

In France, where the symbolical meaning of colours was formed into a regular system, great importance was attached to the art of expressing ideas by the selection of particular colours for dresses, trimmings, &c. Francis I., however, broke through all the rules of etiquette on this point. In the reign of that monarch, widows were permitted to wear any colours and stuffs they pleased for under-garments, and for gowns they were at liberty to choose one of two colours, a privilege which they had not previously enjoyed. In course of time, the practice of adopting colours for the purpose of emblematic representations gradually declined, and was observed only in the choice of arms and liveries, in which it has been retained, with certain modifications, to the present day.

In the ages of chivalry, red was highly esteemed as the colour of love, and, accordingly, the rose was, on account of its tint, a favourite emblem. Thus, in the romance of *Perceforet*, a hat adorned with roses is celebrated as a favourite gift of love; and, in *Amadis de Gaul*, the captive

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Oriana is represented as throwing to her lover a rose wet with tears, as the sweetest pledge of her unalterable faith. The various allegorical meanings which were in the middle ages attached to the rose are described in the celebrated *Romaunt de la Rose*, which was commenced, in the year 1620, by Guillaume de Lorris, and finished, forty years later, by Jean de Meun.

In the famous German *Heldenbuch*, or Book of Heroes, which is supposed to have been chiefly written by Henry von Ofterdingen, the Rose Garden of Wurms holds a distinguished place. This garden was encircled by a silken thread instead of a wall; and the victorious knights who defended it against the encroachments of a party of giants were, by Princess Chrymhilde, rewarded with a chaplet of roses and a kiss. One of the knights, named Hildebrandt, is described as having accepted the chaplet but declined the salute. A monk, named Ilsan, however, who was one of the triumphant warriors, not satisfied with the rewards conferred on himself, demanded a chaplet and a kiss for each of the fifty-two monks of the convent to which he belonged. It is added that Chrymhilde granted this boon; though not until

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Ilsan had fought and conquered fifty-two of the offending giants.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, tournaments lost much of the sanguinary character which had previously distinguished them. They became merely entertainments for the celebration of court-festivals; and the combatants gained the prize of victory, not by wounds and bloodshed, but by broken lances, the fragments of which were presented to them as trophies of success. It was the etiquette of early times for a knight, on entering the lists at a tournament, to beg permission to wear the colours of the lady to whose service he was devoted; but this practice was gradually succeeded by that of wearing about the person any pledge of love which the knight solicited from his mistress, or which the latter spontaneously presented to him. This custom of giving and wearing favours was kept up until the middle of the seventeeth century. Various changes of fashion took place with respect to the objects which were thus presented as pledges of regard; and if Bayard, the "knight without fear and without reproach," obtained from the lady of his heart a pair of elegant bracelets and a silken purse—the

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favoured knight of a more recent age received from the hand of his mistress the less costly gift of a simple flower. The presents given in this manner by ladies to their favourite champions were soon converted into *emprises*, or devices, and were worn on those parts of the dress or armour which an adversary was obliged to touch when he challenged the possessor of the *emprise* to single combat.

In France, during the middle ages, flowers were much employed as emblems of love and friendship. At the banquet given in celebration of the marriage of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, with the English Princess Margaret, several ingenious automata were introduced—among others was a large unicorn, bearing on its back a leopard, which held in one claw the standard of England, and in the other a daisy, the French name of which is *Marguerite*. The unicorn, having gone round all the tables, halted before the Duke; and one of the *maîtres d'hôtel*, taking the daisy from the leopard's claw, presented it, with a complimentary address, to the royal bridegroom.

In the same country, an homage, unparalleled in its kind, was paid to a lady in the early part of the

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seventeenth century. The Duke of Montausier, on obtaining the promise of the hand of Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, sent to her, according to custom, every morning till that fixed for the nuptials, a bouquet composed of the finest flowers of the season. But this was not all: on the morning of New Year's Day, 1634, the day appointed for the marriage, he laid upon her dressing-table a magnificently bound folio volume, on the parchment leaves of which the most skilful artists of the day had painted from nature a series of the most beautiful flowers then cultivated in Europe. The first poets of Paris contributed the poetical illustrations, which were written by the cleverest penmen under the different flowers. The most celebrated of these madrigals, composed by Chapelain on the Crown Imperial, represented that superb flower as having sprung from the blood of Gustavus Adolphus, who fell in the battle of Lützen; and thus paid, in the name of the Swedish hero, a delicate compliment to the bride, who was a professed admirer of his character. According to a statement published some years since, this magnificent volume, which was called, after the name of the lady, the Garland of Julia, was dis-

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posed of, 1784, at the sale of the Duke de la Valliere's effects, for fifteen thousand five hundred and ten livres, (about £650,) and is now in England.

Plants may in many respects be regarded as beings closely allied to man, and they frequently exercise an important influence over us. The following remarks on this subject suggested themselves to Matthisson, the German poet, while journeying along the Cosa to Domo d'Ossola. "The beautiful Cyclamen, which blooms along both sides of the road, continually reminded me of the delightful summer day which I spent in company with Salis and his wife, at a shepherd's hut in the neighbourhood of Malans, where for the first time I saw this flower growing wild. I have never since beheld the Cyclamen without being reminded of the beloved friends with whom I first plucked and examined it, and of the smiling landscapes with which we were surrounded. There are various other plants, the sight of which also revives in my mind recollections of dear and interesting persons, and which brings the scenes of early youth forcibly before me, as the strains of the *Rans des Vaches*, when heard in a foreign coun-

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try, remind the Swiss peasant of his native mountains.

"Numerous examples might be adduced to prove that, in the power of exciting past recollections, the sight of a flower has often a more magic effect than even the favourite melodies of our youth. I myself know a young lady who, though entirely free from nervous weakness, could never look at a carnation without bursting into tears, because she was plucking a flower of that kind at the moment when she was informed of her mother's death. The sight of the periwinkle always produced pleasingly painful feelings in Rousseau's mind; and Bougainville's South Sea Islander, on being taken to the Botanic Garden in Paris, knelt before an Otahietean plant, and kissed it as fondly as he would have kissed the lips of a beloved mistress. It would be impossible to describe the many delightful ideas and recollections for which, during my solitary journeys, I have been indebted to the chronicle of Flora."

A flower-garden may be compared to a panorama of hieroglyphics, displaying not the miserable worldly wisdom of mortals, inscribed in dead characters, but the maxims of immorta-

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philosophy, exhibited in living forms, with all their peculiar varieties. Fancy traces a symbolic resemblance between man and the forms and motion of all the natural objects in the creation; and, to borrow Chateaubriand's bold metaphor, the whole universe may be considered as the imagination of the Deity rendered visible; yet certainly this similarity is most particularly striking in the vegetable world. The most superficial observer cannot fail to perceive that plants present faithful emblems of the various stages of human life, and the most remarkable peculiarities in our physical formation, and in our moral relations to each other.

In those southern regions, where every living being feels the influence of vital heat and the exciting oxygen which pervades the atmosphere—where the genial climate, with scarcely any change of seasons, liberally provides for the support of man—Nature presents her vegetable hieroglyphics in the most marked and permanent characters. The contemplation of the starry canopy of heaven is calculated to inspire every reflecting mind with the sublimest ideas of immortality. When the attractions of all transitory objects are veiled

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in the gloom of night—when, amidst the stillness of Nature, the voice of God resounds in the rustling of the trees and the murmuring of the swelling billows—the soul seems to wing its way towards the realms of eternity, and the virtuous mind is impressed with a deeper consciousness of its moral dignity. This trait in the human mind is typified in the vegetation of the East, by a tree, to which the Turks, Arabians, Persians and Malays give various names, and which we distinguish by the appellation of the Sorrowful Tree, (*Nyctanthes arbor tristis, L.*) In form it is like the cherry tree; but it is of much larger size. Its flowers, which resemble the orange blossom, are white, with a reddish tint at the bottom of the calyx, and their perfume is like that of the evening primrose. This tree possesses the peculiar property of blooming and emitting its delightful fragrance during the night. There are

> Plants that wake when others sleep;
> Like timid jasmine buds that keep
> Their odour to themselves all day,
> But, when the sun-light dies away,
> Let the delicious secret out
> To every breeze that roams about.

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The first bud of the Sorrowful Tree opens as soon as the first star appears in the heavens; and, as the shades of night advance, and the stars thickly stud the sky, the buds continue gradually blowing until the whole tree presents the appearance of one immense flower—the flower of a world, compared with which our earth would be but a football. On the approach of morning, when the brilliancy of the stars gradually fades in the light of day, the Sorrowful Tree closes its flowers; and, when the first beam of the rising sun appears, not a single blossom is visible. A sheet of flower-dust, as white as snow, covers the ground around the foot of the tree, which seems blighted and withered during the day, while, however, it is invisibly and actively preparing for its next nocturnal festival. If this tree is cut down close to the roots, a new plant shoots up, and attains maturity in an almost incredibly short space of time: like the truly great man, who, though he may be for awhile bowed down by the storms of fate, will soon recover and flourish in his wonted glory. In the vicinity of this singular tree, there usually grows another which is probably a degenerate scion of the same

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species. In appearance it exactly resembles the Sorrowful Tree, though it is less beautiful. It blooms only in the day time; thus presenting an emblem of those persons who seem created only to enjoy the garish light of day, and who suffer the luminaries of night to diffuse their serener radiance unheeded and unseen.

Though we dwell not on the luxuriant banks of the Tigris, where, in the spring, the whole country exhibits the appearance of a richly variegated and perfumed flower-bed; yet even in the less fertile regions of the North the gifts of Flora are sufficiently abundant and diversified to enable us to create from them a language for the expression of those sentiments to which the tongue cannot always venture to give utterance. Every flower seems naturally to present some particular emblematic meaning; and, in the combination of a garland or nosegay, it is no difficult matter to compose a riddle, the solution of which may afford an agreeable exercise to the fancy.

If, for example, a lady should receive from her lover a bouquet consisting of roses, lilies, laurel, and forget-me-not; the meaning of the present might be thus interpreted: the flower of inno-

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cence, when kissed by the rose, blushes as thou wouldst blush at the approach of love; the proud laurel denotes thy beauty's triumph; and the tender forget-me-not is the emblem of eternal constancy.

The idea of rendering flowers the vehicle of a lover's sentiments has been thus happily seized by one of our English poets:—

Aske me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant yeare;
Aske me why I send to you
This Primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are washt with tears.

Aske me why this flow'r doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

The following lines from Drayton's *Muses Elysium* may afford some useful hints for the arrangement of a bouquet, with regard to the harmonious blending of the tints of different flowers. A Nymph supposed to be speaking:

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Here damask roses, white and red,
Out of my lap first take I,
Which still shall run along the thread:
My chiefest flower this make I.

Amongst these roses in a row,
Next place I pinks in plenty,
These double-pansies then for show,
And will not this be dainty?

The pretty pansy then I'll tye
Like stones some chain inchasing;
And next to them, their near ally,
The purple violet placing.

The curious choice clove July-flower,
Whose kind height the carnation,
For sweetness of most sovereign power
Shall help my wreath to fashion.

Whose sundry colours of one kind,
First from one root derived,
Them in their several suits I'll bind:
My garland so contrived.

A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
And here and there (though sparely)
The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
Like pearls that will show rarely;

Then with these marygolds I'll make
My garland somewhat swelling,
These honeysuckles then I'll take,
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.

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The lily and the fleur de-lis,
For colour much contenting,
For that I them do only prize,
They are but poor in scenting.

The daffodil most dainty is,
To match with these in meetness;
The columbine compared to this,
All much alike for sweetness.

These in their natures only are
Fit to emboss the border,
Therefore, I'll take especial care
To place them in their order:

Sweet-williams, campions, sops-in-wine,
One by another neatly;
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,
And finished it featly.

The practice of devination by flowers is not altogether unconnected with the floral language which forms the principal subject of this little volume. It is customary in some countries to pluck off the leaves of the marigold or any flower of the aster kind, while certain words are repeated, in order to ascertain the character or inclination of an individual. Göthe has touched upon this superstition in his tragedy of Faust, in which Margaret plucks off the leaves

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of a flower, at the same time alternately repeating the words:—"He loves me."—"He loves me not." On coming to the last leaf she joyfully exclaims—"He loves me!"—and Faust says: "Let this flower pronounce the decree of Heaven!"

This circumstance has been chosen by Retsch for the subject of one of his exquisite sketches for the illustration of Faust, to an engraving of which Miss Landon wrote a little poem entitled "The Decision of the Flower," containing these lines:—

And, with scarlet poppies around, like a bower,
The maiden found her mystic flower.
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my lover loves me, and loves me well;
So may the fall of the morning dew
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.
Now I number the leaves for my lot—
He loves not—he loves me—he love me not—
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes—
I'll pluck thee not for that last sweet guess!
He loves me!"—"Yes," a dear voice sighed,
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

In some countries the following mode of divination is resorted to. The lover, male or female,

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who wishes to ascertain the character of the beloved object, chooses or draws by lot one of the following flowers:—

1. Ranunculus.
2. Wild Pink.
3. Auricula.
4. Blue Cornflower.
5. Wild Orach.
6. Daisy.
7. Tulip.
8. Jonquil.
9. Orangeflower.
10. Rose.
11. Amaranth.
12. Stock.
13. Spanish Vetch.
14. Asphodel.
15. Tricolor.
16. Tuberose.
17. Jasmine.
18. Heart's-ease.
19. Lily.
20. Fritillary.
21. Snapdragon.
22. Carnation.
23. Marigold.
24. Everlasting Flower.

The disposition of the individual in question will be found in the subjoined list at the number corresponding with that of the flower, which has either been chosen or allotted by chance.

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1. Enterprising.
2. Silly.
3. Base.
4. Loquacious.
5. Lazy.
6. Gentle.
7. Ostentacious.
8. Obstinate.
9. Hasty.
10. Submissive.
11. Arbitrary.
12. Avaricious.
13. Passionate.
14. Languishing.
15. Selfish.
16. Ambitious.
17. Cheerful.
18. Delicate.
19. Sincere.
20. Coquettish.
21. Presumptuous.
22. Capricious.
23. Jealous.
24. Constant.

The following pages will explain the emblematic significations which have been attributed to different flowers, plants, shrubs, and trees; and the various combinations which these meanings may suggest will, it is presumed, furnish a pleasing exercise for the ingenuity of our fair readers.

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LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SPRING.

Here Spring appears, with flowery chaplets bound.

ANON.

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose cote-armour richly are display'd
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd.

SPENSER.

Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
These balmy spoils.

MILTON.

Who loves not Spring's voluptuous hours,
The carnival of birds and flowers?

MONTGOMERY.

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SNOWDROP.

HOPE.

THOUGH the Snowdrop cannot, perhaps, strictly speaking, be called one of the flowers of spring, still, as the herald of that season, we may be excused for placing it at the head of them.

Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the Snowdrop and the Crocus first.
THOMSON.

As Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had changed an icicle into a flower,
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy chains.
BARBAULD.

The Snowdrop, Winter's timid child,
Awakes to life bedewed with tears,
And flings around its fragrance mild;
And, where no rival flow'rets bloom
Amidst the bare and chilling gloom,
A beauteous gem appears.

All weak and wan, with head inclined,
Its parent breast the drifted snow,
It trembles, while the ruthless wind
Bends its slim form; the tempest lowers,
Its emerald eye drops crystal showers
On its cold bed below.

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Where'er I find thee, gentle flower,
Thou still art sweet and dear to me,
For I have known the cheerless hour,
Have seen the sunbeams cold and pale,
Have felt the chilling wintry gale,
And wept and shrunk, like thee!

MARY ROBINSON.

This firstling of the year may not inaptly be considered as an emblem of hope. Some have regarded it as a symbol of humility, of gratitude, and of virgin innocence.

The north wind howls; the naked branches of the trees are powdered with hoar frost; the earth is covered by a white, uniform carpet; the tuneful birds are silent; the captive rivulet ceases to murmur. At this season, when all Nature appears dead, a delicate flower springs up amidst the snow, displaying to the astonished eye its ivory bells, embosoming a small green spot, as if marked by the pencil of Hope. In expanding its blossoms on the snow, this delicate flower seems to smile at the rigours of winter, and to say:—"Take courage; here I am to cheer you with the hope of milder weather!"

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MEZEREON.

COQUETRY—DESIRE TO PLEASE.

The stalk of this shrub is covered with a dry bark, which gives to it the appearance of dead wood. Nature, to hide this deformity, has encircled each of its sprays with a garland of red flowers, wreathed round them and terminating in a small tuft of leaves, in the manner of the pine-apple. These flowers, which appear in the month of February, give out a peculiar and dangerous smell.

This shrub, clothed in its showy garb, appears amidst the snow like an imprudent and coquettish female, who, though shivering with cold, wears her spring attire in the depth of winter.

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PRIMROSE.

CHILDHOOD.

From the early bloom of this flower, it is called by Linneus, the father of the modern system of botany, *Primula Veris*—the firstling of Spring, The Auricula, Polyanthus, and Cowslip, belong to this family.

The Primrose was anciently called Paralisos, the name of a beautiful youth, who died of grief for the loss of his betrothed Melicerta, and was metamorphosed by his parents into this flower, which has since divided the favour of the poets with the Violet and the Rose.

Beneath the sylvan canopy, the ground
Glitters with flowery dyes; the Primrose first,
In mossy dell, return of Spring to greet.

GISBORNE.

The Primrose pale is Nature's meek and modest child.

BALFOUR.

The Primrose tenant of the glade,
Emblem of virtue in the shade.

MAYNE.

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Shakspeare makes the Primrose a funeral flower for youth.

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer last, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose.
Cymbeline.

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ALMOND-TREE.

INDISCRETION.

THE Almond-tree is the first of the trees to obey the call of early spring. Nothing can be more graceful than this beautiful tree when it appears covered with blossoms, while the surrounding trees are still quite naked. It has been made the emblem of indiscretion, from flowering so early that frosts too often destroy the precocious germs of its fruit, though, instead of injuring its flowers, they seem to confer on the latter additional beauty.

According to Moore, the Almond blossom is the emblem of hope.

> The hope, in dreams of a happier hour,
> That alights on Misery's brow,
> Springs out of the silvery Almond flower,
> That blooms on a leafless bough.

In ancient times the abundance of blossom on this tree was considered as the promise of a fruitful season.

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Mark well the flowering Almond in the wood
If odorous blooms the bearing branches load,
The glebe will answer to the sylvan reign,
Great heats will follow, and large crops of grain.
But if a wood of leaves o'ershade the tree,
Such and so barren will the harvest be:
In vain the hind shall vex the threshing floor,
For empty straw and chaff will be thy store.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Fable confers an affecting origin on this tree. It relates that Demophoon, son of Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the siege of Troy, was thrown by a storm on the shores of Thrace, where then reigned the beautiful Phyllis. The young queen graciously received the prince, fell in love with him, and became his wife. When recalled to Athens by his father's death, Demophoon promised to return in a month, and fixed the day. The affectionate Phyllis counted the hours of his absence, and at last the appointed day arrived. Nine times she repaired to the shore; but losing all hope of his return, she dropped down dead with grief, and was turned into an Almond-tree. Three months afterwards, Demophoon returned. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he offered a sacrifice at the sea-side, to appease the manes of his bride.

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She seemed to sympathize with his repentance: for the Almond-tree, into which she had been transformed, instantly put forth its flowers, and proved by this last effort, that true love, "strong as death," is incapable of change.

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WEEPING WILLOW.

MOURNING.

THE Weeping Willow is a native of the East, where it was not only planted near the water, but also near the graves of the dead, over which its branches drooped as in token of mourning and affliction, producing an appropriate and picturesque effect. It is called by Linneus the Willow of Babylon (*Salix Babylonica*,) in allusion to that affecting passage in the 137th Psalm, where the captive children of Israel are represented as hanging their harps upon the Willows, and sitting down beside the waters of Babylon to weep their separation from their beloved country.

Silent their harps—each cord unstrung,
On pendant Willow-branches hung.

BOOKER.

On the Willow thy harp is suspended—
O Salem! its sound should be free:
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But left me that token of thee;
And ne'er shall its soft notes be blended
With the voice of the spoiler by me.

BYRON.

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Forsaken lovers are represented by our earlier poets as wearing wreaths of Willow.

> In love, the sad, forsaken wight
> The Willow-garland weareth.
>
> DRAYTON.

I offered him my company to a Willow-tree, to make him a garland, as being forsaken.

SHAKSPEARE.

> In such a night,
> Stood Dido, with a Willow in her hand,
> Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
> To come again to Carthage.
>
> *Id.*

> I'll wear the Willow-garland for his sake.
>
> *Id.*

The Arabs have a particular tradition relative to the origin of the Weeping Willow. This tradition is founded on the story of Bathsheba, and corresponds with the account given in the Old Testament of the manner in which she became the wife of David and the mother of Solomon. It then proceeds thus: One morning, the king was seated as usual at his harp, composing psalms, when he perceived to his astonishment two strangers seated opposite to him on the divan. As strict orders were issued that no person what-

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ever should be admitted during the first four hours of the day, David wondered greatly how the strangers had gained access to his closet. They rose, and begged pardon for having entered unannounced, because they had an urgent complaint to lay before him. David quitted the harp, and placed himself on his judgment seat. "This man," began one of them, "has ninety-nine sheep, which plentifully supply all his wants; while I, poor wretch, had but one that was my joy and comfort, and that one he has forcibly taken from me." At the mention of the ninety-nine sheep, David could not help thinking of the flock of his harem. He recognised in the strangers two angels of the Lord, and was sensible of the heniousness of his offence. Forthwith he threw himself upon the floor, and shed tears of bitter repentance. There he lay for forty days and forty nights upon his face, weeping and trembling before the judgment of the Lord. As many tears of repentance as the whole human race have shed and will shed on account of their sins, from the time of David till the judgment-day, so many did David weep in those forty days, all the while moaning forth psalms of penitence. The tears from his eyes

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formed two streams, which ran from the closet into the ante-room, and thence into the garden. Where they sank into the ground, there sprang up two trees, the Weeping Willow, and the Frankincense Tree. The first weeps and mourns, and the second is incessantly shedding big tears, in memory of the sincere repentance of David.

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VIOLET.

MODESTY.

Ion, the Greek name of this flower, is traced by some etymologists to Ia, the daughter of Midas, who was betrothed to Atys, and changed by Diana into a Violet, to hide her from Apollo. The beautiful modest flower still retains the bashful timidity of the nymph, partially concealing itself amidst foliage from the garish gaze of the sun. Hence it has been ingeniously given as a device to an amiable and witty lady, of a timid and reserved disposition, surrounded with the motto: *Il faut me chercher*—I must be sought after.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
Is like the Violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart
In some sequestered bower.

Anon.

Unhappy fate of doubtful maid!
Her tears may fall; her bosom swell;
But even to the desert shade
She never must her secret tell.

W. Smyth.

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The White Violet is also made the emblem of innocence; and, from the following lines, by a poet of the sixteenth century, it appears to have been then considered as a symbol of constancy:—

Violet is for faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide;
Hoping likewise that from your heart
You will not let it slide.

The poetry, the romance, and the scenery, of every country are embroidered with Violets.

Violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.

SHAKSPEARE.

From several other passages in Shakspeare's works, it is evident that the Violet was a favourite with our great dramatist. We doubt if the poetry of any language can produce lines more exquisitely beautiful than these, in which he compares the soft strains of plaintive music to the perfume of Violets:—

That strain again!—it had a dying fall!—
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of Violets,
Stealing and giving odour.

Twelfth Night.

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It has a scent as though Love for its dower
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost;
For, though the rose has more perfuming power,
The Violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

BARRY CORNWALL.

At the Floral Games instituted at Toulouse, in the early part of the fourteenth century, in the time of the Troubadours, the prize awarded to the author of the best poetical composition consisted of a golden Violet, to which several other prizes were afterwards added by Clemence Isaure. This festival, interrupted by the revolution, was revived in 1806, and is still held annually in the town-house of Toulouse.

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DAISY.

INNOCENCE.

Fabulous history informs us that the Daisy owed its origin to Belides, one of the nymphs called Dryads, who were supposed to preside over meadows and pastures. While dancing on the turf with Ephigeus, whose suit she encouraged, she attracted the admiration of Vertumnus, the deity who presided over orchards; and to escape from him, she was transformed into the humble flower, the Latin name of which is Bellis. The ancient English name of this flower was Day's Eye, in which way it is written by Ben Jonson; and Chaucer calls it the "ee of the daie." No doubt it received this designation from its habit of closing its petals at night, which it also does in rainy weather.

The Daisy has always been a favourite with poets. Shakspeare speaks of it as the flower

Whose white investments figure innocence.

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Star of the mead!—sweet daughter of the day,
Whose opening flower invites the morning ray,
From thy moist cheek and bosom's chilly fold,
To kiss the tears of Eve, the dew drops cold.
Sweet Daisy!

LEYDEN.

When, smitten by the morning ray,
I see thee rise, alert and gay,
Then, cheerful flower! my spirits play
With kindred gladness:

And when, at dark, by dews opprest,
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

WORDSWORTH.

O'er waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humbled buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign—
The Daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
Need we to prove a God is here;
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could raise the Daisy's purple bud;

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Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That Man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God!

MASON GOOD.

Malvina bending over the tomb of Fingal, wept for the valiant Oscar, and a son of Oscar's who never beheld the light of day.

The maids of Morven to soothe her grief, assembled around her, and sang the death of the hero and of the new-born infant.

The hero is fallen, said they, he is fallen! The crash of his arms hath rung over the plain. He is beyond the reach of disease, which enfeebles the soul—of old age, which dishonours the brave. He has fallen, and the crash of his arms hath rung over the plain! In the palace of clouds, where dwell his ancestors, he now quaffs with them the cup of immortality. Dry the tears of thy grief, O daughter of Toscar! The hero is fallen!—he is fallen!—and the crash of his arms hath rung over the plain!

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Then, in a softer tone, they said to her: The child which hath not seen the light hath not known the sorrows of life: his young spirit, borne aloft on glittering wings, soars to the abodes of everlasting day. The souls of infants who, like thine, have burst without pain the bonds of life, reclining on golden clouds, appear and open to him the mysterious portal of the manufactory of flowers. There these innocents are continually employed in enclosing the flowers that the next spring shall bring forth in imperceptible germs: these germs they scatter every morning over the earth with the tears of the dawn. Millions of delicate hands enwrap the rose in its bud, the grain of corn in its husk, the mighty oak in a single acorn, a whole forest in an imperceptible seed.

We have seen him, Malvina! we have seen the infant whom thou mournest, borne on a light mist; he approached, and poured upon our fields a fresh harvest of flowers. Behold, Malvina!—among these flowers there is one with golden disk, encircled with rays of silver, tipped with a delicate tint of crimson. Waving amid the grass in a gentle breeze, it looks like a little child playing in a green meadow. Dry thy tears, O Malvina!—the

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hero died covered with his arms; and the flower of thy bosom has given a new flower to the hills of Cromla.

And the grief of Malvina was soothed by these songs, and she repeated the song of the new-born.

Since that day the daughters of Morven have consecrated the Daisy to infancy. It is, they say, the flower of innocence, the flower of the new-born.

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HEART'S-EASE.

THINK OF ME.

The Heart's-ease, *Viola tricolor*, or Pansy, from the French *Pensée*, is a beautiful variety of the Violet, differing from it in the diversity of its colours, the petals being chiefly yellow, variegated with black and purple. In fragrance, however, it is far inferior to the Violet. One species of the Pansy is entirely purple.

> And there are pansies, that's for thoughts,
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

> And thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing
> To hearts that own our nature's common lot;
> Thou, styled by sportive Fancy's better feeling
> A Thought, the Heart's-Ease, and Forget-me Not.
>
> BARTON.

The fanciful origin of the colour of this flower is thus described by our great bard:—

> I saw,
> Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
> Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal throned in the West,

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And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon:
And the imperial vot'ress passed on
In the maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it Love in Idleness.
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

SHAKSPEARE.

In the year 1815, this flower furnished occasion for a tragi-comic occurrence in France. A schoolmaster in a provincial town had proposed as a theme for his pupils a description of the *Viola tricolor*, and given them as a motto the following passage from a Latin poem by Father Rapin, entitled "The Gardens;"

Flosque Jovis varius, folii tricoloris, et ipsi
Par violæ.

The mayor of the town was informed of the circumstance; and, taking it into his head that the object of the schoolmaster was to excite insurrection against the government of the lately-restored

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Louis XVIII., this sage functionary ordered the poor man to be apprehended. The mayor construed the verses above quoted in the following manner:—*Flos Jovis*, the flower of Jupiter, was of course the flower of Napoleon; *folii tricoloris* denoted as evidently the three-coloured cockade; *et ipsi par violæ* was a manifest allusion to *le père la violette*, as Bonaparte was then called, because his partizans had adopted this flower as a sign of their attachment, and carried it in their button-holes, or in their bosoms. Astonished and confounded as the poor schoolmaster at first was at his arrest, he could not forbear smiling at this comic interpretation of the above passage by his worship the mayor.

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Be not impatient. Faithful in misfortune. Sign of the

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WALLFLOWER.

FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE.

THE Wallflower derives its name from the circumstance of its growing upon old walls, and being seen on the casements or battlements of ancient castles, among the ruins of abbeys, and on turrets and cottages. Hence the minstrels and troubadours were accustomed to wear a bouquet of Wallflowers, as the emblem of an affection which is proof against time and misfortune.

Modern poets have not been backward to acknowledge the merits of this beautiful and fragrant flower.

To me it speaks of loveliness,
That passes not with youth,
Of beauty which decay can bless,
Of constancy and truth.

But, in adversity's dark hour,
When glory is gone by,

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It then exerts its gentle power
The scene to beautify.

BARTON.

An emblem true thou art
Of love's enduring lustre, given
To cheer a lonely heart.

Id.

And our friend Moir (Delta of Blackwood's Magazine) pays this feeling tribute to the Wallflower.

The Wallflower, the Wallflower!
How beautiful it blooms!
It gleams above the ruined tower,
Like sunlight over tombs;
It sheds a halo of repose
Around the wrecks of time;
To beauty give the flaunting rose—
The Wallflower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place!
Gray Ruin's golden crown,
That lendest melancholy grace
To haunts of old Renown;
Thou mantlest o'er the battlements
By strife or storm decay'd;
And fillest up each envious rent
Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Whither hath fled the choral band
That filled the abbey's nave!

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Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
O'er many a level grave.
In the belfry's crevices, the dove
Her young brood nurseth well,
Whilst thou, lone flower, doth shed above
A sweet, decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip-cup,
When blossoms clothe the trees,
How sweet to throw the lattice up,
And scent thee on the breeze!
The butterfly is then abroad,
The bee is on the wing,
And on the hawthorn by the road
The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet Wallflower, sweet Wallflower!
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee;
When joy from out the daisies grew
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

Now Autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers:
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the queen of flowers!
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

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Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest;
Bland are thy charms when these decay
Of flowers first, last, and best!
There may be gaudier in the bower,
And statelier on the tree—
But Wallflower, loved Wallflower,
Thou art the flower for me!

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NARCISSUS AND DAFFODIL.

SELF-LOVE.

THE ancients attributed the origin of this flower to the metamorphosis of a beautiful youth named Narcissus, who, having slighted the love of the nymph Echo, became enamoured of his own image, which he beheld in a fountain, and pined to death in consequence.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And viewed his image in the crystal flood;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued.
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires.
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves;
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves:
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows;
And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.
Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast
That beauty's but a transient good at best;
Like flowers, it withers with the advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.

GAY.

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There are several species of the Narcissus. That called the Poetic is the largest of the white kinds, and may be distinguished from all others by the crimson border of the very shallow and almost flat cup of the nectary. The double variety is the most frequent in gardens. The narrow-leafed crimson-edged Narcissus is the only one that resembles the Poetic, but it is not much more than half as large, with narrower leaves, a flatter form, and the edge of the nectary more prominent. It flowers earlier than the other.

The Yellow Narcissus is better known by the name of Daffodil. By early writers this flower was considered as a species of lily. It has even been conjectured that the name is a corruption of Dis's Lily, as it is supposed to be the flower dropped from the chariot of Dis or Pluto, in his flight with Proserpine.

Shakspeare, in his Winter's Tale, alludes to this story, as well as to the early season in which the Daffodil flowers:

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now that, frighted, thou lettest fall
> From Dis's wagon: Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty.

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Drayton in his pastorals makes the Daffodil the same flower with the Lily:

> See that there be store of lilies,
> (Called by shepherds Daffodillies.)

The Narcissus major, the largest of this family of flowers, a native of Spain, is common in our gardens, and rarely seen single. Its magnificent gold-coloured flowers are supported by a stalk nearly two feet high.

A modern poet has taken the Narcissus for an emblem of the pains of unrequited love. Thus, too, the ancients, on account of its narcotic properties, regarded it as the flower of deceit, which, as Homer assures us, delights heaven and earth by its odour and external beauty, but, at the same time, produces stupor and even death. It was therefore consecrated to the Eumenides, Ceres, and Proserpine, on which account Sophocles calls it the garland of the great goddesses; and Pluto, by the advice of Venus, employed it to entice Proserpine to the lower world.

In the East, the Daffodil is a particular favourite. The Persians call it, by way of eminence, Zerrin, which signifies golden; and by the

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Turks it is denominated Zerrin Kadech, golden bowl.

One of our older poets moralizes upon the flower in the following lines:

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even song,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as ye,
We have as fleet a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or any thing:
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

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HAWTHORN.

HOPE.

The Hawthorn, or White Thorn, was among the Greeks a symbol of the conjugal union; its blossomed boughs were carried about at their wedding festivities, and the new-married couple were even lighted to the bridal chamber with torches of its wood.

Among the Turks a branch of the Hawthorn expresses the wish of a lover to receive a kiss from the object of his affection.

In England, where the hedges, principally formed of Hawthorn, give such beauty and diversity to our landscapes, and where the air is perfumed during the season of flowering by the aromatic fragrance of its blossom, this shrub held a distinguished place among the May-day sports of our ancestors. From its flowering in that month, it received the name of May, by which it is still more frequently called than by its proper appellation.

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Stow tells us that, on May-day in the morning, "every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind." People of all ranks joined in this recreation. King Henry VIII. rode a-Maying from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, with his queen Katherine, accompanied by many lords and ladies.

In the country, the juvenile part of both sexes were accustomed to rise soon after mid-night, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns; there they would break branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. This done, they returned homeward about sunrise with their booty, and decorated their doors and windows with the flowery spoil. The after-part of the day was chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, called a May-pole; which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stood there, consecrated as it were to the goddess of flowers, without suffering the least violation during the whole year.

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Herrick, in his beautiful poem of "Corinna's going a-Maying," has also given us some idea of the manner in which this day was kept in his time.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorne, neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come; let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May:
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorne laden home;
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept and wooed and plighted troth,
And chose their priest ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

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Many a jest told of the Key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.
Come, let us go while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.

Shakspeare notices with what eagerness the pleasures of May-day morning were pursued in his time:—

'Tis as much impossible,
Unless we swept them from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning.

The May-day diversions and May-poles were not confined to the country. In London there were anciently several May-poles, the last of which, near Somerset House, in the Strand, was not taken down till the year 1717.

In the scarlet berries of the Hawthorn, which are called haws, Providence has furnished an abundant supply of food for the small birds during winter: and it is a current notion that "store of haws portend cold winters." So says Lord Bacon, and no doubt experience might often be found to confirm the observation.

A beautiful variety of this tree, with double red blossom of extraordinary fragrance, is cultivated in our gardens.

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TULIP.

DECLARATION OF LOVE.

In the East, the Tulip is employed as the emblem by which a lover makes a declaration of love, presenting the idea that, like that flower, he has a face all on fire and a heart reduced to a coal:—

> Whose leaves, with their ruby glow,
> Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.

On account of the elegance of its form, the beauty of its colours, but its want of fragrance and other useful qualities, this flower has been considered as an appropriate symbol of a female who possesses no other recommendation than personal charms.

It is supposed to have been brought from Persia to the Levant, and it was introduced into Western Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Busbeck, ambassador from the Emperor of Germany to the Porte; who, to his astonishment, found Tulips on the road between Adrianople and

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Constantinople, blooming, in the middle of winter, intermingled with the hyacinth and the narcissus, and could not sufficiently admire their beauty. The name given to it by Europeans is supposed to originate in a corruption of the Persian word *dulbend*, the muslin head-covering adopted by the Mahometan nations, which we have transformed into *turban*. In a Persian of rank this article of dress in not unlike the swelling form of the Tulip. Moore, in his "Veiled Prophet," alludes to this resemblance:

> What triumph crowds the rich Divan to-day
> With turban'd heads of every hue and race,
> Bowing before that veil'd and awful face,
> Like tulip-beds of different shape and dyes,
> Bending beneath th' invisible west wind's sighs!

On their first introduction into Europe, Tulips became especial favourites of the cultivators of flowers. From Vienna they soon spread into Italy, and were sent in 1600 to England. Eleven years later they were first seen in France, in the garden of the learned Pieresc, at Aix, in Provence. In Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century, a real mania for possessing rare sorts seized all classes of persons. It would

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be almost impossible to credit the extraordinary accounts of the high prices given in that country for Tulips, did we not know that it was a rage for gambling speculations, rather than a fondness for flowers, which occasioned these excesses. For a single Tulip, to which the Dutch florists had given the fine name of *Semper Augustus*, were given four thousand six hundred florins (about £400,) a beautiful new carriage, a pair of horses, and harness: another of the same kind sold for thirteen thousand florins; and engagements to the amount of £5000 were made during the height of this mania for a single root of a particular sort. A person who possessed a Tulip of a very fine variety, hearing that there was another of the same kind at Haerlem, repaired to that city, and having purchased it at an enormous price, placed it on a stone and crushed it to a mummy with his foot, exclaiming with exultation, "Now my Tulip is unique!" We are also told that another, who possessed a yearly income of sixty thousand florins, reduced himself to beggary in the short space of four months, by purchasing these flowers. From this spirit of floral gambling the city of

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Haerlem is said to have derived not less than ten millions sterling in the space of three years!

It is related that, during the prevalence of this mania, a sailor, having brought some goods to a merchant who cultivated Tulips on speculation, had a herring given to him for his breakfast, with which he walked away. As he passed through the garden, he saw some roots lying there, and mistaking them for onions, he picked them up and ate them with his herring. At this moment the merchant, coming forward and discovering what had happened, exclaimed in despair, "Inconsiderate man, thou hast ruined me with thy breakfast! I could have regaled a king with it."

If we may believe recent accounts, this fondness for Tulips still prevails in Holland to such a degree that a sum equal to £640 was lately paid by Mr. Vanderninck, a florist of Amsterdam, formerly a captain in the Dutch navy, for the bulb of a new species called "The Citadel of Antwerp."

From the extraordinary favour thus shown to the Tulip, the species were soon multiplied to such a degree, that in 1740, the Baden-Durlach garden at Carlsruhe contained not fewer than two thou-

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sand one hundred and fifty-nine sorts; and the garden of Count Pappenheim boasted at one time of five thousand varieties.

The estimation in which the Turks still hold Tulips is little inferior to that which they formerly enjoyed in Holland. They are never tired of admiring its elegant stem, the beautiful vase which crowns it, with the streaks of gold, silver, purple, red, and the innumerable tints which revel, unite, and part again, on the surface of those rich petals.

> And sure more lovely to behold
> Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
> Than crimson fading into gold
> In streaks of fairest symmetry.
>
> LANGHORN.

The bulb or root of the Tulip resembles in every respect the bud of other plants, except in being produced under ground, and includes the leaves and flowers in miniature, which are to be expanded in the ensuing spring. By the careful dissection of a Tulip-root, and cautiously cutting through its concentric coats, lengthwise from top to bottom, and taking them off successively, the whole flower of the next summer with all its parts may be discovered by the naked

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eye. A popular poet has alluded to this circumstance in these lines, written "On planting a Tulip-root :"—

Here lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod,
Ere long to spring by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through his swaddling folds descry
The infant image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep,
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold;
Then, on a smooth, elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn, of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike,
The Tulip's petal's shine in dew,
All beautiful, but none alike.

MONTGOMERY.

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HORSE-CHESNUT.

LUXURY.

It is more than two centuries since the Horse-chesnut has been an inhabitant of our climate; and nevertheless it is not yet observed to mingle its superb head with the crowd of trees indigenous to our forests. Its delight is to embellish parks, to adorn superb mansions, and to throw its broad shadow over the palaces of kings.

One showery day in the commencement of spring suffices to invest this beautiful tree with all the richness of its verdure. When it grows by itself, nothing can be compared with the mingled magnificence and elegance of its pyramidal form, the beauty of its foliage, and the richness of its flowers, which give it the appearance of an immense chandelier covered with innumerable girandoles. Ever attached to pomp and profusion, it covers with flowers the green turf which it protects with its shadow, and yields to pleasure its most delicious seclusion. But to

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the poor it only yields a scanty fuel and a bitter fruit.

Naturalists and physicians especially have gratuitously conferred on this native of India a thousand good qualities which it does not possess. This beautiful tree, like the rich on whom it lavishes its shade, obtains flatterers; and thus, like them, does some good in spite of itself; while it astonishes the vulgar by a display of useless profusion.

By some it has been regarded as an emblem of modesty and chastity.

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LILAC.

FIRST EMOTIONS OF LOVE.

THE Lilac has been consecrated to the first emotions of love; because nothing possesses a greater charm than the delight afforded by its appearance on the return of spring. Indeed, the freshness of its verdure, the flexibility of its branches, the profusion of its flowers, their short and transitory beauty, their soft and variegated hues—all recall those celestial emotions which embellish beauty, and lend to youth its "grace divine."

Never was Albano able to mingle on that pallet, which he derived from the hand of love itself, colours sufficiently fresh and flowing to represent the velvet softness and delicacy of the tints which embellish the brow of early youth. Van Spaendone himself threw down his pencil on viewing a group of Lilacs. Nature seems to have delighted

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in making a finished production of each of its delicate clusters, massive in itself, and yet astonishing by its variety and beauty. The gradation of its tints, from the first purplish bud to the branching flower, is the smallest fascination of its charming blossoms, round which the rainbow seems to revel and to dissolve into a hundred shades and colours, which, all commingling in the general tone and hue, produce a happy harmony, that might well baffle the painter and confound the observer.

The Lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set,
With purple spikes, pyramidal, as if,
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hues she most approved, she chose them all.
COWPER.

What immense pains does Nature appear to have taken to form this fragrant shrub, which merely seems to exist in order to gratify the senses! what a union of perfume, grace and delicacy! what variety in details! what harmony in the assemblage! Doubtless it was destined in the decrees of Providence to become the future bond of union between Europe and Asia. The

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Lilac, which the traveller Busbeck brought, in the sixteenth century, to Europe from Persia, now grows on the mountains of Switzerland and in the forests of Germany.

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BUGLOSS.

FALSEHOOD.

A CELEBRATED French moralist has observed that if women were naturally what they become by artificial means, if they were to lose in a moment all the freshness of their complexion, and their faces were to be as flaring and as leaden as they make them with rouge and fard, they would go distracted.

Incontestable as this truth appears, it is equally true that, from north to south and from east to west, among savage nations and civilized nations, a fondness for using artificial means of improving the complexion universally prevails. The wandering Arab, the sedentary Turk, the Persian beauty, the small-footed Chinese, the phlegmatic Russian, the indolent Creole, and the light and vivacious French woman, all desire to please, and all resort to some kind of cosmetics.

This taste prevails alike in the harem and in

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the desert. Duperron relates that a young savage, wishing to attract his notice, took by stealth a bit of charcoal, which she reduced to powder in a corner, rubbed her cheeks with it, and then came back with a look of triumph, as if this application had rendered her beauty irresistible.

Castellan, in his letters on Greece, thus describes a Greek princess, whose portrait he painted at Constantinople: "She was not," he says, "the ideal beauty I had pictured to myself. Her dark prominent eyes were as bright as diamonds, but her blackened eyelashes spoiled their expression. Her eyebrows joined by a line of paint, gave a kind of harshness to her look. Her small mouth and deep-coloured lips might be embellished with smiles, but I never had the pleasure to see them. Her cheeks were covered with a very dark rouge, and her face was disfigured by cresent-shaped patches. Add to this the lifelessness of her demeanour and the freezing gravity of her physiognomy, and you would suppose that I had been depicting an Italian Madonna."

The Bugloss has been made the emblem of falsehood, because its root is employed in the composition of various kinds of rouge; and that

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of which it constitutes the basis is perhaps the oldest and the least dangerous of all. Nay, it even possesses some advantages: it lasts several days without rubbing off; water refreshes it like the natural colours; and it is not hurtful to the skin which it is used to embellish. Still, nothing can imitate the tint of that native modesty which flushes the cheek of innocence, and which art destroys beyond repair. Would you wish to please for a long time, for ever, banish falsehood from your hearts, your lips, and your aspect, and be assured that truth alone is deserving of love.

The good taste displayed by the British ladies of the present day in discarding the barbarous practice of disfiguring the face by a composition mask, or an unnatural stain, must be acknowledged by every one who can recollect the fashions of the last thirty years.

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LILY OF THE VALLEY.

RETURN OF HAPPINESS.

THE Lily of the Valley delights in shady glens and the banks of murmuring brooks, where its exquisitely beautiful flower is modestly concealed amidst the broad, bright green leaves which surround its delicate and graceful bells. In floral language it is made to represent a return of happiness, because it announces by its elegance and its odour the happy season of the year.

That shy plant, the Lily of the Vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her sweets.

ANON.

The Lily, whose sweet beauties seem
As if they must be sought.

BARTON.

And sweetest to the view,
The Lily of the Vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze, beneath its leafy bower.

Id.

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And ye, whose lowlier pride
In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,
You of the valley named, no longer hide
Your blossoms, meet to twine the brow of purest bride.

BARTON.

Fair flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on branch or spray,
Our England's Lily of the May,
Our Lily of the Vale;

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind
An emblem of the thoughtful mind,
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus, I trow; for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the East.
* * * * * *
But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display thy Maker's power,
His skill and handiwork;
Our western valleys' humbler child,
Where, in green nook of woodland wild;
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,

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Yet born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than, even in Israel's brightest days,
Her wealthiest king arrayed:

Of thy twin leaves the embowered screen,
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green,
The Eden breathing smell;
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendent many a pearly gem
Displays a milk-white bell—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand?
Who at creation gave command,
And willed thee thus to be;
And keeps thee still in being, through
Age after age revolving?—Who
But the great God is He?

BISHOP MANT.

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PRIVET.

PROHIBITION.

"WHY," said the young mother of a family one day to the venerable village pastor, "why did you not plant a strong quickset hedge round your garden instead of this weak hedge of flowering Privet?" The benevolent minister replied, "When you forbid your child a hurtful pleasure, the prohibition is sweetened by an affectionate smile, by a kind look; and if he is refractory, a mother's hand immediately offers some plaything to pacify him. In like manner, the pastor's hedge, while it keeps off intruders, should not hurt any one, but offer flowers even to those whom it repels."

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PERIWINKLE.

TENDER RECOLLECTIONS.

The winds have now purified the atmosphere, diffused the seeds of vegetation over the earth, and dispersed the gloomy vapours of winter. The air is fresh and pure; the sky seems to expand above our head; the lawns grow vividly green on all sides, and the trees push forth their young and verdant buds. Nature is about to put on her dress of flowers; but she first prepares an harmonious ground for her painting; and, covering it with one general tint of green, which she varies infinitely, rejoices the eye and cheers the heart with promise.

We have already detected in shady dells the violet, the daisy, the primrose, and the golden flower of the dandelion. Let us now approach the skirts of the wood; there the Anemone and the Periwinkle stretch their long parterre of verdure and flowers: these two friendly plants are mutual foils to each other's charms. The Anemone has

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velvet leaves, deeply dentated, and of a delicate green; whereas, those of the Periwinkle are always green, firm, and shining; its flower is blue, while that of the Anemone is of a pure white, tinged with rose colour at the edge; and, enduring but a day, it recalls to us the happy and fleeting hours of childhood.

In France, the Periwinkle has been adopted as the emblem of the pleasures of memory and sincere friendship, probably in allusion to Rousseau's recollection of his friend, Madame de Warens, occasioned, after a lapse of thirty years, by the sight of this flower, which they had admired together.

This plant is deeply rooted in the soil which it adorns. It interweaves the earth on all sides with its flexible shoots, and covers it with flowers which seem to reflect and imitate the azure of the sky: thus, our first affections, so warm, pure, and artless, appear to have a celestial origin. They mark our days with a moment's happiness, and to them we owe our sweetest recollections.

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HEATH.

SOLITUDE.

The meadows are covered with flowers the plains with waving corn, and the hills with darksome woods. Happy swains!—ye can dance in the meadows; ye can crown your brows with the golden wreaths of Ceres; ye can rest yourselves in the shade of the woods—for to the happy, life is one scene of joy.

As for me, with Melancholy for my guide, I will stroll to those sequestered spots where the humble Heath, which delights in solitude, maintains its ground against advancing cultivation. There, seated beneath the drooping Broom, I will indulge my gloomy thoughts: whilst creatures, unfortunate, harassed, and afflicted, like myself, will collect around me from all sides. The partridge, chased by our dogs, after losing her whole family; the doe, pursued by the hounds; the

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skulking hare, the timid rabbit, at first alarmed at sight of me, will by degrees become familiar with my griefs: perhaps they will even come to my feet to seek protection from the persecution of men. Ye, too, will hover round me, industrious bees; and if I pluck but a single sprig from the Heath of your solitary haunts, ye will come to my very hands for the honey, which ye gather not for yourselves, but for others. And you, noisy quails, will measure both for yourselves and for me the hours which fly away, without leaving behind me in these wilds either traces or regrets. Gentle doves, tender nightingales, your sighs and murmurs were made for fragrant bowers; but I can no longer muse in their shade. The voice of the monarch of this solitude scares you away; for me it has charms: with the first beams of the moon its melancholy tones will reach the ear. The owl will then issue from the hollow trunk of some time-worn oak. Perched on the boughs which hide his mossy retreat, his screech affrights the timid maiden, as she counts the hours of her lover's absence; it thrills the mother watching beside the couch on which fever has prostrated her only child; but it soothes the unhappy man who has consigned to

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the grave all that he loved on earth. Often did that doleful sound awaken thee, unfortunate Young! speaking to thee of death and eternity: and if it has not inspired me, as it did thee, with sublime strains, it has at least given me, like thee, a distaste for the world and a love of solitude.

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LINDEN TREE.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

The beautiful fable of Philemon and Baucis caused this tree to be adopted as the emblem of conjugal love. This couple lived together in the happiest harmony to extreme old age: and, content with their humble hut and the little which their labour procured them, they knew no higher wishes or wants. Jupiter and Mercury one day descended in human form from Olympus to visit the plains of Phrygia. Needing refreshment, they called at several houses, but were refused admittance; but Philemon and Baucis, the poorest couple in that part of the country, received them in the most hospitable manner in their mean habitation. Baucis immediately heated water to wash the travellers' feet, and then set before them a rural repast of fruit, milk, and honey. She also

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produced wine, which she had cultivated and made with her own hands; and, as the quantity sustained no diminution, the aged pair discovered from this circumstance the superior nature of their guests, and hastened to offer up in sacrifice to them a goose, which they had reared in their hut. The goose, however, escaped from their grasp, and sought refuge at the feet of the gods, who took the bird under their protection. On rising from the table, they ordered their kind hosts to follow them to the top of a neighbouring hill. There they beheld a flood sweeping away the houses of their hard-hearted neighbours, whilst their cottage stood uninjured amidst the raging waters, and was transformed into a magnificent temple. Jupiter then promised to grant them whatever they wished, but they desired nothing more than to be the servants of his temple. The god graciously complied with their request, and they served in his temple for many years. At length, as they were one day conversing before the door of the edifice on the wonder of which they had been eye-witnesses, Philemon observed that Baucis was gradually changing into a Lin-

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den-tree, and Baucis that her husband was turning into an Oak. They calmly and cheerfully continued their conversation so long as they could see, and then took an affectionate farewell of each other. As trees, they stood for ages before the temple, and were objects of veneration to all the adjacent country.

An event of modern times has contributed to render the Linden not less dear to all loving hearts than the preceding legend of fabulous antiquity. About the year 1790, there dwelt at Königsberg, in Prussia, a pair who, united in affection, were shortly to be joined in the bonds of wedlock. The wedding-day was already fixed, when the bride, in the first bloom of youthful beauty, suddenly fell sick, and in a few hours expired. Such was the grief of the lover at the unexpected loss, that he, too, soon expired: and on the very day on which they were to have been married, the remains of both were consigned to one and the same grave. Here they had reposed for some years, when over their heads sprang up from one root two Linden trees, which, firmly entwining each other, shot up into a crown, that, with its fragrant blossoms

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yearly decks the bridal bed in which two faithful hearts are inseparably united.

Among the trees of central Europe, the Linden is known to attain the greatest age next to the Oak. Near Neustadt, on the Kocher, in Wirtemberg, there is a stately Linden, which for many centuries has attracted the notice of passengers, and invited them to rest in its shade. Its trunk is thirty-six feet in circumference. The branches issue from it at the height of eight to ten feet in a horizontal direction, and are supported by pillars, partly of stone, partly of wood, otherwise they would break down by their own weight. In 1811, there were one hundred and twenty such pillars. This Linden has now withstood time and tempests for at least six hundred years.

In the cemetery of the hospital of Annaberg, in Saxony, there is a very ancient Linden tree, concerning which tradition relates that it was planted by an inhabitant of Annaberg with its top in the ground, and that its roots became branches, which now overshadow a considerable part of the cemetery. The planter of this tree, who was buried not far from it, left a sum of money, the interest

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of which is paid, agreeably to his will, to the chaplain of the hospital, for delivering a sermon annually, in the afternoon of Trinity Sunday, beneath this remarkable tree.

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THYME.

ACTIVITY.

Flies of all shapes, beetles of all hues, light butterflies, and vigilant bees, for ever surround the flowery tufts of Thyme. It may be that to these cheerful inhabitants of the air, whose life is a long spring, these little tufts appear like an immense tree, old as the earth, and covered with eternal verdure, begemmed with myriads of flowery vases, filled with honey for their express enjoyment.

Among the Greeks, Thyme denoted the graceful elegance of the Attic style; because it covered Mount Hymettus and gave the aromatic flavour, of which the ancients were so fond, to the honey made there. "To smell of Thyme" was, therefore a commendation bestowed on those writers who had made themselves masters of the Attic style.

Activity is a warlike virtue, always associated with true courage. It was on this account that

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the ladies of chivalrous times embroidered on the scarfs which they presented to their knights the figure of a bee hovering about a sprig of Thyme; in order to recommend the union of the amiable with the active.

The Wild Thyme has often been noticed by the poets:—

No more, my goats, shall I behold you climb
The steepy cliffs, or crop the flowery Thyme.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Guide my way
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the Thymy vale.

AKENSIDE.

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BUCK-BEAN.

CALM REPOSE.

Do you observe, along the extended banks of that lake, whose silvery mirror reflects an unclouded sky, those clusters of flowers as white as snow? A roseate hue colours the under side of these beauteous flowers, while a tuft of fibres of extraordinary delicacy and dazzling whiteness rises out of their alabaster cups, giving them the appearance of fringed hyacinths. Expression fails to do justice to the elegance of this plant. To remember it for ever, you need but to have once seen it gently waving on the brink of the water, to which it seems to impart increased coolness and transparency. The Buck-bean never opens in stormy weather. Tranquillity is requisite to the development of its blossoms; but the calm that it enjoys itself it seems to diffuse on all the objects around it.

The original name of the Buck-bean was Bog-bane, or Bog-plant, from its place of growth.

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ACANTHUS.

THE ARTS.

THE Acanthus delights in hot climates by the side of great rivers. It thrives, nevertheless, in temperate climates. The tasteful ancients adorned their furniture, their vases, and their costly dresses, with its elegant leaves. Virgil says that the robe of Helen was embroidered with a wreath of Acanthus.

This charming model of the Arts has thus become their emblem, as it might also be of the genius which causes its possessor to excel in them. When any obstacle obstructs the growth of the Acanthus, it puts forth fresh force, and grows with additional vigour. Thus genius is strengthened and exalted by the very obstacles which it cannot overcome.

It is related of Callimachus the architect, that, as he was passing near the tomb of a young female, who died a few days before her intended marriage, touched with pity, he approached to

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throw flowers on it. An offering had preceded his: the nurse of the bride had collected the flowers and veil which were to have adorned her on her wedding-day, placed them in a little basket near the tomb on an Acanthus plant, and covered it with a large tile. The following spring the leaves of the Acanthus surrounded the basket, but, impeded by the tile, they turned back, and bent round gracefully towards their extremities. Callimachus, astonished at this rural decoration, which looked like a work of the weeping Graces, made it the capital of the Corinthian order—a charming ornament that we still imitate and admire.

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MYRTLE.

LOVE.

THE oak was from the remotest ages consecrated to Jupiter, the olive to Minerva, and the Myrtle to Venus. Its evergreen foliage and supple odoriferous branches loaded with flowers, that appear destined to adorn the forehead of Love, have rendered this tree worthy of being dedicated to Venus, the goddess of beauty. At Rome the temple of the goddess was surrounded by a grove of Myrtles; and in Greece she was adorned under the name of Myrtilla. When Venus rose from the bosom of the waves, the Hours presented to her a scarf of a thousand colours, and a wreath of Myrtle. After her victory over Pallas and Juno, she was crowned with Myrtle by the Loves. When surprised, one day, on issuing from the bath, by a troop of satyrs, she sought refuge behind a Myrtle bush; and it was with the branches of the same plant that she revenged

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A token of friendship and love.

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herself on the audacious Psyche, who had dared to compare her transitory charms to immortal beauty.

At Rome, the Myrtle-garland of the Loves was sometimes mingled, in honour of Mars and Venus, with the laurel on the triumphant conqueror's brow. And now that triumphs have ceased at the Capitol, the Roman ladies have retained a strong predilection for this plant. They prefer its odour to that of the most fragrant essences, and they impregnate their baths with a water distilled from its leaves, persuaded that the plant of Venus must be favourable to beauty. If the ancients were possessed by a similar persuasion, if they truly deemed it the symbol of love, it was because they had observed that the Myrtle, wherever it grows, excludes all other plants. Just so love, wherever it has established its sway, excludes from the heart all other feelings.

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LUCERN.

LIFE.

Lucern will occupy the same spot for a long time; but when once it leaves it, it is for ever. This is, no doubt, the reason why it has been adopted as the emblem of life.

Nothing is more beautiful than a field of Lucern in flower, spreading itself out to the eye, like an immense green carpet tipped with violet. When cultivated, this plant yields abundant crops, without requiring any care. Cut it down and it springs up again. The cow rejoices at the sight of it; it is a favourite food of the sheep, the horse, and the goat. A native of our climate, this valuable gift comes to us direct from heaven. Its possession costs us no trouble; we enjoy it without thought, and without gratitude. Very often we prefer to it a flower, whose only merit is its transient beauty. In like manner we too often relinquish a certain benefit to run after vain pleasures, which fly away and escape us.

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HONEYSUCKLE.

GENEROUS AND DEVOTED AFFECTION.

WEAKNESS is fond of strength, and often delights in lending to the latter its own graces. Thus have I seen a young Honeysuckle lovingly entwine the gnarled trunk of an aged oak with its supple and delicate arms. It would seem as if this slender shrub, whilst climbing upward, was striving to surpass in height the monarch of the forest: soon, however, as though finding its efforts useless, it droops gracefully down, and encircles the brow of its friend with elegant festoons of fragrant flowers. Thus love sometimes unites the timid maiden to the ruthless soldier. Unhappy Desdemona! it was the admiration awakened by courage and valour, but it was also the feeling of thine own weakness, that attached thy heart to the terrible Othello: but jealousy caused thy destruction by the very hand that should have protected thee!

This elegant climbing shrub, which we also call the woodbine, trained against our English

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cottages, at once delights the eye and gratifies the smell by the exquisite fragrance of its blossoms; whilst it confers on those humble dwellings a character of cheerfulness unknown in other countries.

A Honeysuckle, on the sunny side,
Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets.
LANDON.

Copious of flowers, the woodbine pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never cloying odours, early and late.
COWPER.

It begins to flower in May, and continues to put forth its blossoms till the end of summer.

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BROOM.

HUMILITY.

In the year 1234, St. Louis of France, after the coronation of his queen, chose the flower of this plant as the insignia of a new order of knighthood. The members of this order wore a chain composed of flowers of the Broom entwined with white enamelled lilies, from which was suspended a gold cross, with the inscription: *Exhaltat humiles*—"He exalteth the humble." With this order he associated a body-guard, consisting of one hundred nobles, on the back and front of whose coat was likewise embroidered a Broom flower, over which a hand issuing from the clouds held a crown, with the inscription: *Deus exhaltat humiles*—"God exalteth the humble."

This plant, called in Latin *Genista*, and in French *Genet*, gave the name of Plantagenet to the sovereigns of England for several centuries. Lemon, in his "English Etymology," says:

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"Fourteen princes of the family of Plantagenet have sate on the throne of England for upwards of three hundred years, and yet very few of our countrymen have known either the reason of that appellation or the etymology of it: but history tells us that Geoffry, Count of Anjou, acquired the surname of Plantagenet from the incident of his wearing a sprig of Broom on his helmet on a day of battle. This Geoffry was second husband to Matilda, or Maud, Empress of Germany, and daughter of Henry I. of England, and from this Plantagenet family were descended all our Edwards and Henries."

Skinner assigns a different origin to this illustrious name. He tells us that "the house of Anjou derived the name of Plantagenet from a prince thereof, who, having killed his brother to enjoy his principality, afterwards repented, and made a voyage to the Holy Land to expiate his crime, scourging himself every night with a rod made of the plant *Genet*, *Genista*, Broom." And we are told elsewhere that he was nicknamed Plantagenet from the use which he had made of the Broom.

There are three varieties of Broom, with yellow,

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white, and purple flowers. The first is the most common.

Their graves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow Broom.
BURNS.

The wilding Broom as sweet, which gracefully
Flings its long tresses, waving in yellow beauty.
LANDON.

The purple heath and golden Broom,
Which scent the passing gale.
MONTGOMERY.

The Broom and the furze are perpetually associated. Indeed, the latter is sometimes called by botanists *Genista Spinosa*—the thorny Broom, and provincially whin, or gorse. It grows abundantly on all our wastes: and it is recorded of Linneus that, when he visited England in 1736, he was so much delighted with the golden blossom of the furze, which he then saw for the first time on a common near London, that he fell on his knees, enraptured at the sight. He conveyed some of the plants to Sweden, but complained that he could never preserve it in the garden during the winter.

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SUMMER.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play,
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow:
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glowing stream,
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray:
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away!
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!

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In the deep heart of the rose,
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray,
Dreary, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fairy cup-moss lies
With the wild wood-strawberries,
Come away!

HEMANS.

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ROSE.

LOVE.

WHO that ever could sing has not sung the Rose! The poets have not exaggerated its beauty, or completed its panegyric. They have called it daughter of heaven, ornament of the earth, glory of spring: but what expressions could ever do justice to the charms of this beautiful flower! Look at it gracefully rising from its elegant foliage, surrounded by its numerous buds: you would say that this queen of flowers sports with the air which fans her; that she decorates herself with the dew-drops which impearl her; that she smilingly meets the sunny rays which expand her bosom. Nature seems to have exhausted all her skill in the freshness, the beauty of form, the fragrance, the delicate colour, and the gracefulness, which she has bestowed upon the Rose. And then, it embellishes the whole earth; it is the commonest

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of flowers. The emblem of all ages, the interpreter of all our feelings, the Rose mingles with our festivities, our joys, and our griefs. Modesty borrows its delicate blush; it is given as the prize of virtue; it is the image of youth, innocence, and pleasure; it is consecrated to Venus, the goddess of beauty, and, like her, possesses a grace more exquisite than beauty itself.

Anacreon, the poet of love, has celebrated the Rose in an ode thus rendered by our English Anacreon:

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing,
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flow'ret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tear that on its blushes lay!

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'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
Oh, there is nought in nature bright
Where Roses do not shed their light!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes.
And when, at length, with pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death!
O, whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend—for thus the tale is sung;—
When humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared in flushing hues,
Mellowed by Ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance—
The nymph who shakes the martial lance—
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung with blushing tinctures dress'd,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth!

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With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

According to ancient Fable, the red colour of the Rose may be traced to Venus, whose delicate foot, when she was hastening to the relief of her beloved Adonis, was pierced by a thorn, that drew blood,

Which on the White Rose being shed
Made it for ever after red.

HERRICK.

Its beautiful tint is traced to another source by a modern poet:

As erst, in Eden's blissful bowers,
Young Eve survey'd her countless flowers,
An opening Rose of purest white
She mark'd with eye that beam'd delight,
Its leaves she kiss'd, and straight it drew
From beauty's lip the vermeil hue.

CAREY.

The origin of that exquisitely beautiful variety, the Moss Rose, is thus fancifully accounted for:

The Angel of the Flowers, one day,
Beneath a Rose Tree sleeping lay,

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That Spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The Angel whisper'd to the Rose.
"O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."

Then said the Rose, with deepening glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The Spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose
A veil of moss the Angel throws;
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that Rose exceed?

Pfeffel, a German poet, has pleasingly accounted for the origin of the Yellow Rose, the emblem of envy, in the following manner:

Once a White Rose-bud reared her head,
And peevishly to Flora said,
"Look at my sister's blushing hue—
Pray, mother, let me have it too."

"Nay, child," was Flora's mild reply,
"Be thankful for such gifts as I
Have deem'd befitting to dispense—
Thy dower the hue of innocence."

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When did Persuasion's voice impart
Content and peace to female heart
Where baleful Jealousy bears sway,
And scares each gentler guest away!

The Rose still grumbled and complained,
Her mother's bounties still disdained.
"Well, then," said angered Flora—"take"—
She breathed upon her as she spake—
"Henceforth no more in simple vest
Of innocence shalt thou be drest—
Take that which better suits thy mind—
The hue for Jealousy designed!"

The Yellow Rose has from that hour
Borne evidence of Envy's power.

There is another strongly marked variety of this flower in the Thornless Rose. The author of that affecting tale, "The Leper of Aoste," asserts that the thorns of the Rose are produced by cultivation; and this theory naturally suggested the emblem of ingratitude which has been adopted. In both these assumptions, however, there appears to be a wide departure from the ideas usually attached to a Rose without a thorn, which would more naturally present the image of love without alloy.

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In the "Legend of the Rose," we find this account of the origin of the armour by which this flower is defended:

Young Love, rambling through the wood,
Found me in my solitude,
Bright with dew and freshly blown,
And trembling to the Zephyr's sighs;
But, as he stooped to gaze upon
The living gem with raptured eyes,
It chanced a bee was busy there,
Searching for its fragrant fare;
And, Cupid, stooping too, to sip,
The angry insect stung his lip;
And, gushing from the ambrosial cell,
One bright drop on my bosom fell.

Weeping, to his mother he
Told the tale of treachery,
And she, her vengeful boy to please,
Strung his bow with captive bees,
But placed upon my slender stem
The poisoned stings she plucked from them:
And none since that eventful morn
Have found the flower without a thorn.

By the ancients the Rose was regarded as the emblem of joy. Accordingly, Comus, the god of feasting, was represented as a handsome young

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man, crowned with a garland of Roses, whose leaves glistened with dew-drops. As it was well known, even in those early times, that when the heart is full the mouth will run over, especially during the intoxication of mirth or of pleasure, the ancients feigned that sportive Cupid presented a Rose to Harpocrates, the grave god of silence, and thus made this flower a symbol of secrecy and silence. As such, a Rose was fastened up over the table at entertainments, that the sight of the flower might remind the guests that the mirthful sallies in which any of them might indulge were not to be proclaimed in the market-place. This custom gave rise to the saying, "Under the rose," which was equivalent to an injunction of secrecy.

The rose became celebrated in English history from its having been adopted in the fifteenth century as the badge of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the white being chosen by the former, the red by the latter. Shakspeare, in his Henry the Sixth, represents this feud as having originated in the Temple Garden. The Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick, Richard Plantagenet nephew and heir of Edmund Mortimer, with Vernon,

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and another lawyer, are the characters introduced. Suffolk says:

Within the Temple Hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plantag. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a White Rose with me.

Somers. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a Red Rose from off this thorn with me.

This example is followed by their respective friends, and, after a threatening altercation, Warwick, addressing Plantagenet, says:

In signal of my love to thee,
Will I upon thy party wear this Rose:
And here I prophecy, this brawl to day.
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the Red Rose and the White,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

What torrents of blood were shed in the civil wars, called the Wars of the Roses, which suc-

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ceeded, history has duly recorded. The subsequent blending of the interests of the two houses, and their union by the marriage of Henry VII. with the heiress of the York family, are prettily typified in the colouring of the York and Lancaster Rose.

In the East, the Rose is an object of peculiar esteem, and the acceptance of this flower when offered is a token of the highest favour. However interesting it might be to collect the various oriental legends and traditions in which the Rose acts a principal part, I must abstain from the attempt, otherwise this single article might be swelled to the size of a decent volume, especially if I should include the many charming illustrations of the love of the nightingale for the Rose. In a fragment by the celebrated Persian poet Attar, entitled *Bulbul Nameh*—the Book of the Nightingale—all the birds appear before Solomon, and charge the nightingale with disturbing their rest by the broken and plaintive strains which he warbles forth in a sort of frenzy and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, questioned, and acquitted by the wise king, because the bird as-

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sures him that his vehement love for the Rose drives him to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those languishing and touching complaints which are laid to his charge. Thus the Persians believe that the nightingale in spring flutters around the Rose-bushes, uttering incessant complaints, till, overpowered by the strong scent, he drops stupified on the ground.

Among the ancients it was customary to crown new-married persons with a chaplet of Red and White Roses; and, in the processions of the Corybantes, the goddess Cybele, the protectress of cities, was pelted with White Roses. The pelting with Roses is still common in Persia, being practised during the whole time that these flowers are in blossom. A company of young men repair to the places of public entertainment to amuse the guests with music, singing, and dancing; and in their way through the streets, they pelt the passengers whom they meet with Roses, and receive a little gratuity in return.

In the middle ages, the queen of flowers contributed to a singular popular festival at Treviso, in Italy. In the middle of the city, the inhabitants

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erected a castle, the walls of which were formed of curtains, carpets, and silk hangings. The most distinguished unmarried females of the place defended this fortress, which was attacked by the youth of the other sex. The missiles with which both parties fought consisted of apples, almonds, nutmegs, lilies, narcissuses, violets, but chiefly of Roses, which supplied the place of artillery. Instead of musketry, they discharged volleys of Rose-water and other liquid perfumes, by means of syringes. This entertainment attracted thousands of spectators from far and near, and the emperor Frederick Barbarossa himself accounted it one of the highest diversions that he had ever enjoyed.

In like manner, St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, in France, instituted in the sixth century a festival at Salency, his birth-place, for adjudging one of the most interesting prizes that piety has ever offered to virtue. This prize consists of a simple crown of Roses, bestowed on the girl who is acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful. The founder of this festival enjoyed the high gratification of crowning

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his own sister as the first Rose-queen of Salency. The lapse of ages, which has overturned so many thrones and broken so many sceptres, has spared this simple institution; and the crown of Roses still continues to be awarded to the most virtuous of the maidens of that obscure village.

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STRAWBERRY.

PERFECTION.

One of the most eminent French authors conceived the plan of writing a general history of nature, after the model of the ancients and of several moderns. A Strawberry plant, which by chance grew under his window, deterred him from this rash design. He investigated the Strawberry, and, in doing so, discovered so many wonders, that he felt convinced that the study of a single plant, and of its inhabitants, was sufficient to occupy a whole life. He therefore relinquished his design, gave up the ambitious title which he meditated for his work, and contented himself with modestly calling it "Studies of Nature."

From this book, worthy of Pliny and of Plato, may be derived a taste for observation and for the

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higher class of literature; and it is there especially that the student will find a complete history of the Strawberry. This humble plant delights in the shelter of our woods, and covers their borders with that delicious fruit, which belongs to any one who pleases to gather it. It is a charming reserve, which Nature has subtracted from the exclusive right of property, and which she rejoices in rendering common property to all her children.

The flowers of the Strawberry form pretty bouquets; but where is the barbarous hand that, in gathering them, would rob the future of its fruits! It is delightful to find, among the glaciers of the Alps, the plants and flowers of the Strawberry in all seasons of the year. When the traveller—scorched by the sun, and sinking with fatigue on those rocks, old as the world, amidst forests of fir, half overwhelmed with avalanches—vainly seeks a cabin to shelter him, or a fountain to refresh him, he suddenly perceives troops of young girls advancing from the defiles of the rocks, bearing baskets of Strawberries that perfume the air: they appear at once on the crags above him and in the yawning dells beneath. It would seem as if each

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rock and tree were guarded by one of those nymphs whom Tasso placed at the gate of Armida's enchanted gardens. But, though equally attractive, the young Swiss girls are less dangerous; and, while offering their alluring baskets to the traveller, instead of magically arresting his steps, they enable him to recruit his strength and renew his journey.

The learned Linneus was cured of frequent attacks of gout by the use of Strawberries. Often have they restored health to the invalid when all other medicines have failed. They constitute a favourite accompaniment of the lordly feast, and the most exquisite luxury of the rural repast. This charming fruit, which vies in freshness and perfume with the bud of the sweetest of flowers, delights the eye, the taste, and the smell, at the same time. Yet there are persons so unhappy as to dislike Strawberries, and to swoon at the sight of a rose. Is this astonishing, when there are persons who turn pale at the sight of superior merit, or on hearing of a noble action, as if the sight or record of virtue were a reproach to themselves? Fortunately, these melancholy excep-

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tions take nothing from the charm of virtue, from the beauty of the rose, or from the perfection which characterizes the most delicious of fruits.

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ST. JOHN'S WORT.

SUPERSTITION.

This plant, to which ancient superstition attributed the virtue of defending persons from phantoms and spectres, and driving away devils, whence it was called *Fuga Dæmonum*, has been named by modern bigotry St. John's-wort. For the same reason it was also called *Sol terrestris*, the Terrestrial Sun, because the spirits of darkness were believed to vanish at the approach of that luminary. Growing close to the earth, its large yellow flower, whose hundreds of chives form so many rays, headed by sparklike anthers, it reminds us of small wheel-fireworks, and forms a happy contrast with the azure flowers of the periwinkle.

It forms an appropriate emblem of superstition, but by some is regarded as a symbol of happiness, on account of the happy confidence with which it inspires the fond believers in its imaginary virtues.

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VALERIAN.

AN ACCOMMODATING DISPOSITION.

The Red Valerian grows naturally on the rocks of the Alps, and from the facility with which it propagates itself in the garden or on old walls, it is made the emblem of an accommodating disposition. If not indigenous in this country, it is conjectured to have been introduced very early, on account of the situations where it is found growing, which are generally the old walls of colleges or the ruins of monastic buildings.

From its predilection for such situations, this plant no doubt, derived its old English name of Setewale. Chaucer mentions it by this appellation so long ago as the time of Edward III.:

> Ther springen herbis grete and smale,
> The Licoris and Setewale;

and Dr. Turner, who compiled his Herbal about the middle of the sixteenth century, calls it Setwall.

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The Valerian is too large and scrambling a plant to hold a place in the parterre of choice flowers; besides which, cats are so fond of the smell of its blossoms as to be attracted to it, and by rolling over the plant to destroy its beauty, as well as that of the contiguous flowers. They are equally fond of its root, which has a disagreeable smell; they will roll on it and gnaw it to pieces with ecstatic delight; and it seems to produce in them a kind of pleasing intoxication.

The root of the Valerian is considered as a valuable remedy for many of those ailments which luxury engenders in the human frame; exerting a peculiar influence on the nervous system, reviving the spirits, and strengthening the sight.

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JASMINE.

AMIABLENESS.

The Jasmine seems to have been created expressly to be the happy emblem of an amiable disposition. When brought from India, about the year 1560, by Spanish navigators, the slenderness of its branches and the delicate brightness of its starry flowers were universally admired: to preserve so elegant a plant, it was thought necessary to place it in the hothouse, which seemed to suit it perfectly well. The orangery was then tried, and there it grew surprisingly. It was then risked in the open air, and now, without needing any sort of care, it withstands the utmost severity of winter.

In all situations, the amiable Jasmine suffers its supple branches to be trained into any form that the gardener chooses to give them: most commonly forming a living tapestry for our arborus or the walls of our houses or gardens and

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every where throwing out a profusion of delicate and charming flowers, which perfume the air, offering to the light butterfly cups worthy of him, and to the busy bee abundance of fragrant honey.

The rustic lover unites the Jasmine with the Rose to adorn the bosom of his beloved; and often does a wreath of this simple combination encircle the brow of the princess.

> And brides, as delicate and fair
> As the White Jasmine flowers they wear,
> Hath Yemen in her blissful clime;
> Who, lull'd in the cool kiosk or bower,
> Before their mirrors count the time,
> And grow still lovelier every hour.
>
> MOORE.

From the numberless poetical tributes that have been paid to this plant, we cull the following lines:

> My slight and slender Jasmine-tree,
> That bloomest on my border tower,
> Thou art more dearly loved by me
> Than all the wealth of fairy bower.
> I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
> Arabia's spice or Syria's rose;
> Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
> Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

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My mild and winsome Jasmine-tree,
That climbest up the dark gray wall,
Thy tiny flowrets seem in glee
Like silver spray-drops down to fall.
LORD MORPETH.

A variety of the Jasmine, with large double flowers and exquisite scent, was first procured in 1699 from Goa, by the grand duke of Tuscany, and so jealous was he of being the sole possessor of this species that he strictly forbade his gardener to give a cutting of it to any person whatever. The gardener would probably have obeyed this injunction had he not been in love; but, on the birthday of his mistress, he presented her with a nosegay, in which he had placed a sprig of this rare species of Jasmine. Delighted with the fragrance of its flowers, the girl planted the sprig in fresh mould; it continued green all the year, and next summer shot forth anew and blossomed. Instructed by her lover, she soon began to raise cuttings from this plant and to sell them at a high price; by this means she amassed a little fund, which enabled her to marry the gardener, who was as poor as herself before this lucky accident. It is said,

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that, in memory of this event, the damsels of Tuscany still wear a wreath of Jasmine on their wedding-day, and that it has given rise to this saying, that "a girl worthy of wearing the Jasmine-wreath is rich enough to make a husband happy."

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PINK.

PURE LOVE.

The primitive Pink is simple red or white, and scented; by cultivation, the petals have been enlarged and multiplied, and its colour infinitely varied, from the darkest purple to the purest white, with all the hues of red, from the rich crimson to the pale rose, with which yellow is also frequently blended. In some of these flowers we see the eye of the pheasant painted; while others are exquisitely marbled, striped, and figured. In some varieties two opposite colours are abruptly diversified, while in others they seem mingled and softened off in shades. Under all its diversities, however, it retains its delicious, spicy fragrance, and hence has been made the emblem of woman's love, which no circumstances can change:—

> Alas! the love of woman! it is known
> To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
> For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
> And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
> To them but mockeries of the past alone.
>
> Byron.

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It is a fearful thing,
To love as I love thee; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
A blank without thee. Never more to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now
I have no hope that does not dream for thee;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee.

L. E. L.

Florists designate two principal divisions of these flowers, Pinks and Carnations. The former are marked by a spot resembling an eye, whence the French name *œillet*, and by a more humble growth. The flower of the Carnation is much larger than that of the Pink. Some derive its name from the Latin word for flesh colour, which may have been the original colour of the flower; but Spenser, who was remarkable for his care in retaining the old manner of spelling, calls these flowers coronations:

Bringe hether the pincke and purple cullambine,
With gelliflowres;
Bring coronations and sops in wine,
Worn of paramours.

They were also called clove-gilliflowers, from their perfume resembling that of the spice so

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called, and sops in wine, because they were on that account frequently used to flavour dainty dishes, as well as wine and other liquors. Thus, so early as the time of Edward III., Chaucer says:

> Then springen herbis grete and smale,
> The licoris and the setewale,
> And many a clove gilofre,
> ———————— to put in ale,
> Whether it be moist or stale,

And Shakspeare makes Perdita say:

> The fairest flowers o' the season
> Are our carnations and streak'd gilliflowers.

Those beautifully painted flowers, the Indian Pink and the Sweet-william, belong to this family.

Matthison, a german writer, describes a scene witnessed by him near Grenoble in France, which must deeply interest every heart capable of sympathizing in the feelings of parting lovers. "Not far from Susa, where the road of the Cenis begins to ascend, there is a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Before the simple altar, surrounded by vases of flowers, where the image of

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the Virgin was faintly lighted by a single lamp, knelt a girl of about eighteen, absorbed in devotion, and her dark eyes filled with tears. She was one of those nymph-like figures which the magic pencil of Angelica Kauffmann was fond of transferring to the canvass. In her clasped hands she held a bouquet of clove carnations, tied with a silk riband, of the delightful colour of hope. With such devotion prays the saint in that masterpiece of Garofalo's, in the cathedral of Ferrara, in whose folded hands the artist, in allusion to his own name has placed a nosegay of the same flowers. The morning was so lovely and the air so mild that I had left the carriage to follow me, and was walking forward alone. Near the chapel I seated myself on a mass of rock. The girl rose from prayer, and presently appeared a hale young man driving three loaded horses. The moment she saw him she flew into his arms. Not a word passed on either side. Amidst tears and kisses, she presented to him the bouquet of carnations, with an inexpressible look of tenderness, strove to speak, but could not utter a word. The young man placed the flowers in his bosom with as much reverence as if they had been the relics of a saint.

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The fond girl had been praying for the safety of her lover during the dangerous journey on which he was setting out, and had waited at the chapel for the farewell embrace."

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VERVAIN.

ENCHANTMENT.

I WISH that our botanists would attach a moral idea to all the plants which they describe. They would thus form a sort of universal dictionary, understood by all nations, and enduring as the world itself, since each spring would reproduce it without the slightest alteration of the characters. The altars of the great Jupiter are overthrown; the forests which witnessed the mysteries of the Druids no longer exist; the pyramids of Egypt will some day disappear, buried, like the Sphynx, beneath the sands of the desert: but the lotus and the acanthus will still blossom on the banks of the Nile; the mistletoe will still grow upon the oak; and the Vervain upon the barren hills.

Vervain was employed by the ancients in various kinds of devinations: they ascribed to it a thousand properties, and among others that of recon-

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ciling enemies. Whenever the Romans sent their herald to offer peace or war to nations, one of them always carried a sprig of Vervain. The Druids, both in Gaul and Britain, regarded the Vervain with the same veneration as the mistletoe, and offered sacrifices to the earth before they cut this plant in spring, which was a ceremony of great pomp.

The Druids held their power through the ignorance and superstition of the people, and, being acquainted with the qualities of plants and other objects of Nature, they ascribed their effects to the power of magic and devination, pretending to work miracles, to exhibit astonishing appearances, and to penetrate into the counsels of Heaven. Although so many ages have passed away since the time of the Druids, the belief in their pretended spells is not yet wholly abolished. Thus, in the northern provinces of France, the shepherds still continue to gather the Vervain, with ceremonies and words known only to themselves, and to express its juices under certain phases of the moon. At once the doctors and conjurors of their village, they alternately cure the complaints of their masters or fill them with dread; for the same means which re-

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lieve their ailments enable them to cast a spell on their cattle and on the hearts of their daughters. They insist that this power is given to them by Vervain, especially when the damsels are young and handsome.

Thus Vervain is still the plant of spells and enchantments, as it was among the ancients.

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MALLOW.

BENEFICENCE.

This plant was used by the Greeks and Romans as an article of diet, as it is still by the people of Egypt and China. From this ejaculation of Job—"Who cut up Mallows by the bushes and juniper-roots for their meat?" we learn that it afforded food in the earliest times to those wandering tribes which chose rather to pitch their tents in the wilderness and to depend on the spontaneous gifts of bountiful Nature than to dwell in permanent habitations and to labour for their support.

The common Mallow, the friend of the poor man, grows naturally beside the brook that quenches his thirst, and around the hut in which he dwells; and it borders the road-sides in most parts of Europe. Though it continues to blossom from the month of May to the end of October, yet its flowers never tire the eye, their petals being of a delicate, reddish purple, sometimes varying to a

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whitish, or inclining to a bluish cast, with three or four darker streaks running from the base.

The flower, stalk, leaf, and root, of this plant are all beneficial to man. With its different juices are composed syrups and ointments, equally agreeable to the taste and conducive to health. The way-lost traveller has occasionally found in its root a wholesome and substantial food. We need but look down to our feet to discover, throughout all Nature, proofs of her love and provident care; but this affectionate mother has often concealed, in plants as well as in human beings, the greatest virtues under the simplest appearance.

It is, nevertheless, fortunate for the husbandman that Nature should have assigned to the Mallow a place on the banks and borders of fields, and not scattered it over the meadows, where its spreading branches would have injured the turf, and where, as cattle in general refuse to eat this plant, it would have soon overrun and smothered other vegetation.

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FLOS ADONIS.

PAINFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

Adonis was killed, while hunting, by a boar. Venus, who, for his sake, had relinquished the joys of Cythera, shed tears for the fate of her favourite. They were not lost; the earth received them, and immediately produced a light, delicate plant, covered with flowers resembling drops of blood. Bright and transient flowers, too faithful emblems of the pleasures of life, ye were consecrated by Beauty herself to painful recollections!

That this flower owes its name to the favourite of Venus is not to be disputed; but, whether the goddess of beauty changed her lover into this plant or the anemone it would be difficult to decide, since the Linnean system of dividing plants into families did not exist when the gods and goddesses made love upon earth: and, before the time of the Swedish botanist, the Adonis was classed among the anemones, which it greatly resembles.

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LILY.

MAJESTY.

The Lily's height bespake command—
A fair, imperial flower;
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

THE beauty and delicacy of the Lily have been celebrated by the writers of all ages. So highly was it esteemed by the Jews that they imitated its form in the decorations of their first magnificent temple; and Christ himself described it as being more splendid than the great King Solomon in his most gorgeous apparel.

Observe the rising Lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow:
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow.
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining, or what queen so fair!

THOMSON.

According to the heathen mythology, there was originally only one species of Lily, namely, the orange-coloured; and the white was produced by

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the following circumstance:—Jupiter, being desirous to render Hercules immortal, prevailed on Juno to take a deep draught of nectar; which, having been prepared by Somnus, threw the queen of the gods into a profound slumber. Jupiter took advantage of this to place the infant Hercules to her breast, that the divine milk might ensure his immortality. The infant, in his eagerness, drew the milk faster than he could swallow it, and some drops fell to the earth, from which immediately sprang the White Lily.

The ladies on the continent have long held in the highest esteem a cosmetic prepared from the flowers of the White Lily by means of a vapour-bath. It is said to preserve and improve the freshness of the complexion, and to remove pimples and freckles.

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STOCK.

LASTING BEAUTY.

THIS flower, which is now become the pride of every British parterre, has been made the emblem of lasting beauty; for, though it is less graceful than the rose, and not so supurb as the lily, its splendour is more durable, and its fragrance of longer continuance. It was one of the earliest inmates of our garden that was cultivated by the dames of baronial castles, whence it was formerly called castle gilloflower and dames' violet, for the name of violet was given to many flowers which had either a purple tint or an agreeable smell. The name of gillyflower was also common to other plants, as the wall-gillyflower (wallflower) and the clove gillyflower, a species of pink or carnation.

Few flowering plants have been so much and so rapidly improved by cultivation as the Stock.

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Within the last two centuries its nature has been so completely changed by the art of the florist, that what was, in Queen Elizabeth's time, but one degree removed from a small mountain or sea-side flower, is now become almost a shrub in size, whose branches are covered with blossoms little inferior in dimensions to the rose, and so thickly set as to form a mass of beauty not surpassed by any of the exotics which the other quarters of the globe have poured into our gardens. Phillips mentions a Stock grown at Notting Hill, near Bayswater, which measured eleven feet nine inches in circumference, in May, 1822.

Stocks are produced of several colours, both double and single red, white, purple, and speckled. Of these the bright red or carmine Stock must ever remain the favourite variety. The principal branches of this fragrant family are the Ten-week Stock, so named from flowering in about ten weeks after it is sown; and the Brompton, which does not blossom till about twelve months after sowing, and was first cultivated in the neighbourhood of Brompton. Phillips gives an amusing account of the beneficial effect which the sight

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and name of this flower had on the spirits of an acquaintance with whom he was making a tour in Normandy, in the first summer after the restoration of Louis XVIII. "He had been induced to join a small party and leave his home, for the first time, to visit the opposite coast; but so truly British were his habits, that nothing could please or satisfy him. The soup was meagre, the pottage acid, the peas sweet, the wine sour, the coffee bitter; the girls brown, their eyes too black, their caps too high, their petticoats too short, their language unintelligible; their houses old, the inns dirty, the country too open, the roads too straight: in short, he saw every thing with such discontented eyes as to render the party uncomfortable, until good fortune led us to a rustic inn, where, in a small garden, were growing several fine Stocks, which, he affirmed, were the first good things he had seen since he left Sussex. On hearing the landlady acknowledge them to be *de Giroflíers de Brompton*, he insisted on halting at her house, where he treated the party with a *de jeuner à la fourchette*, and left the village with a sprig of the Brompton Stock in his button-hole,

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his eyes sparkling with champagne and good-humour, which lasted for the remainder of the journey, during which he often exclaimed, 'Thanks to the Brompton Stock!' "

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MARIGOLD.

GRIEF.

I ONCE saw, in a rich gallery of paintings, a pretty miniature, in which the artist had represented Grief under the form of a young man, pale and languishing, whose reclining head seemed bowed down by the weight of a wreath of Marigolds.

Every body is familiar with this golden flower, which is a conventional emblem of distress of mind. It is distinguished by many singular properties. It blossoms the whole year; and, on that account, the Romans termed it the flower of the calends, in other words, of all the months. Its flowers are open only from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. They, however, always turn towards the sun, and follow his course from east to west. In July and August, these flowers emit, during the night, small luminous sparks. In this point they resemble the nasturtium and many other flowers of the same colour.

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The melancholy signification of the Marigold may be modified in a thousand ways. Combined with roses, the symbol expresses the bitter sweets and pleasant pains of love. Alone, it expresses grief; interwoven with other flowers, the varying events of life, the "mingled yarn of good and ill together." In the East, a bouquet of Marigolds and poppies expresses this thought—"I will allay your pain." It is more especially by such modifications that the Language of Flowers becomes the interpretation of our thoughts. Marguerite of Orleans, the maternal grandmother of Henry IV., chose for her armorial device a Marigold turning towards the sun, and for motto, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seul.*" By this device the virtuous princess conveyed the idea that all her thoughts and affections turned towards heaven, as the Marigold towards the sun.

One of our older poets thus moralizes over this flower:—

When, with a serious musing, I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly, every morning, she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk
Still bending toward him her small slender stalk;

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How, when he down declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd as 'twere with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked upon
By an inferior eye, or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow.

WITHERS.

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MIGIONETTE.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS.

NEARLY one hundred hears have run their course since the Mignionette first bloomed in our climes. It was brought from Egypt. Linneus, who gave to it the name of *Reseda odorata*, compares its perfume with that of ambrosia; its fragrance is stronger at the rising and setting of the sun than at noon. Mignionette flowers from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn; but, by preserving it in a temperate green-house, its sweets may be inhaled in the winter season. It then becomes woody, lives many years, shoots up, and forms with care a shrub of the most charming appearance.

No gorgeous flowers the meek Reseda grace,
Yet sip, with eager trunk, yon busy race
Her simple cup, nor heed the dazzling gem
That beams in Fritillaria's diadem.

EVANS.

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Your qualities surpass your charms
I love you with a pure Ardent love.

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Your qualities surpass your charms
I love you with a pure Ardent love.

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ACACIA.

FRIENDSHIP.

The Acacia is a Native of North America, from Canada to Carolina, and it has been consecrated by the Indians to the genius of chaste love. Their bows are made of the incorruptible wood of this tree, and their arrows are pointed with its thorns. Those wild sons of the desert are susceptible of an attachment fraught with delicacy: they may perhaps be unable to give utterance to it in words, but they find means to express it in a branch of Acacia when in blossom. The Indian girl, like the city coquette, understands this flattering language, and receives, with a blush, the homage of him who has won her heart by his respect and love.

It is not much more than a century since this ornamental tree was introduced into the gardens of France from American seeds by Robin, the botanist, after whom this family was named Robinia. It is a large, handsome tree, of quick

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growth, beginning from the third year to convert its alburnum into perfect wood, which is of so fine a grain and so hard as to be substituted by turners for box in many kinds of light work. Its foliage, of a bright green, is peculiarly light and elegant. The species of Acacia most commonly cultivated are the Pseudo-Acacia, with white blossom, and the Acacia glutinosa, (so named from a clammy moisture which covers its branches) with rose-coloured flowers. The Rose Acacia is a highly ornamental shrub, with large bunches of pink-coloured, papilionaceous blossoms, whose beauty, like that of the moss-rose, is enhanced by the bristly covering of the stalk and calyx.

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THORN-APPLE.

DECEITFUL CHARMS.

Too often enervated by luxurious ease, an indolent beauty languishes the whole day, and avoids the cheering rays of the sun. At night, arrayed with all the art of coquetry, she exhibits herself to her admirers. The unsteady and delusive light of tapers, aiding her artifices, lends her a deceptive brilliancy, and she enchants by charms that are not her own. Her heart, meanwhile, is a stranger to love: all that she wants is slaves, victims. Imprudent youth, flee from the approach of this enchantress! Nature alone is sufficient, art useless, in order to please and to love. She who employs the latter is always dangerous, perfidious.

The flowers of the Thorn-apple, like those nocturnal beauties, droop while the sun shines beneath their dull-looking foliage; but, on the approach of night, they revive, display their charms, and unfold their prodigious bells, which Nature has coloured with purple, lined with ivory; and to

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which she has given an odour that attracts and intoxicates, but is so dangerous as to stupify those who inhale it even in the open air. The Thorn-apple of Peru is the most splendid variety of this species, each flower being often two feet in length; and sometimes there are one hundred and fifty open at once on the tree.

It is a dangerous plant to be allowed to grow where there are children, as the beauty of its flowers and fruit is liable to tempt them to their destruction; since it possesses so poisonous a quality as to produce paralysis and even madness in those who have inadvertently eaten of it. As a medicine, its leaves have been recently recommended for cough and asthma, dried and mixed with ordinary or herb tobacco for smoking.

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CAROLINA JASMINE.

SEPARATION.

How many exquisite harmonies arise on every side of us from the association of plants with animals! The butterfly embellishes the rose, the songs of birds enliven the groves, the bee confers a new charm on the flower about which it buzzes, and from which it extracts its sweets. Thus, throughout all Nature, the insect is adapted to the flower, the bird to the tree, the quadruped to the plant. Man alone is capable of discovering these connexions, and he alone has the power of breaking that chain of consonance and love by which all things in the world are bound together. If, with eager and imprudent hand, he attempts to remove an animal from its native home, thinking only of his own convenience, he usually forgets the plant which would have reconciled his new

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slave to this separation from his birth-place. If he takes away a plant, he neglects the insect which enlivens, the bird which embellishes it, and the quadruped which feeds upon its leaves and reposes in its shade.

Look at the Carolina Jasmine! With its beautiful foliage and scarlet flowers, it remains an alien among us. For our parts, we prefer to it our sweet native honeysuckle, to which the bee resorts to suck its honey, the goat to browse on its leaves, and flocks of thrushes, linnets, finches, and other small birds, to feast upon its berries. No doubt the rich Jasmine of Carolina would counterbalance all these advantages in our estimation, were we to see it enlivened by the humming-bird of Florida, which, in the vast forests of the New World, prefers its beautiful foliage to that of every other tree. "He builds his nest," says St. Pierre, "in one of the leaves of this plant, which he rolls up into the form of a cone: he finds his subsistence in its red flowers, resembling those of the fox glove, the nectareous glands of which he licks with his tongue; he squeezes into them his little body, which looks in these flowers like an emerald set in coral, and sometimes gets

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so far that he may be caught in this situation." This little creature is the soul, the life, an essential accompaniment of the plant in which he delights. When separated from her winged guest, this beautiful creeper is like a desolate widow who has lost, all her charms.

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DANDELION.

THE RUSTIC ORACLE.

When you bend your steps through the plain, or ascend the hill-side, or stand on the mountain-top, look down to the green sward at your feet, and you will perceive patches of verdure, covered with golden flowers, or with light and transparent globes. It is the Dandelion, the oracle of the fields, which may be every where consulted. Like man, it is spread over the whole face of the globe; it is found in the four quarters of the world, near the pole as beneath the equator, on the margin of rivers and streams as well as on sterile rocks: every where it offers to the hand that would gather, or the eye that would consult them, its flowers, which shut and open at certain hours, serving the solitary shepherd for a clock, while its feathery tufts are his barometer, predicting calm or storm.

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Leontodons unfold
On the swart turf their ray-encircled gold;
With Sol's expanding beam the flowers unclose,
And rising Hesper lights them to repose.
DARWIN.

She, enamoured of the sun,
At his departure hangs her head and weeps,
And shrouds her sweetness up, and keeps
Sad vigils, like a cloistered nun,
Till his reviving ray appears,
Waking her beauty as she dries her tears.
MOORE.

Thus in each flower and simple bell
That in our path betrodden lie
Are sweet remembrancers, who tells
How fast their winged moments fly.
CHARLOTTE SMITH.

But the globes formed by the seeds of the Dandelion serve for other purposes. Are you separated from the object of your love?—carefully pluck one of those feathery spheres; charge each of the little feathers composing it with a tender thought; turn towards the spot where the loved one dwells; blow, and the little aërial travellers will faithfully convey your secret message to his or her feet. Do you wish to know if that dear one is thinking of you, as you are thinking of

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him or her? blow again; and if there is left upon the stalk a single aigrette, it is a proof that you are not forgotten. But this second trial must be conducted with great caution. You must blow very gently; for, at any age, even at that which love renders most resplendent, it is wrong to dispel too rudely the illusions which embellish life.

The Dandelion attracts attention at a much earlier period of life. Friend Howitt speaks of it as

> Dandelion, with globe of down,
> The schoolboy's clock in every town,
> Which the truant puffs amain,
> To conjure lost hours back again.

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POPPY.

CONSOLATION.

As these plants, or rather the juice extracted from them, are employed to ease pain and to procure sleep to the restless invalid, the red Poppy in floral language is made the symbol of consolation. The White Poppy is supposed to express "My bane, my antidote."

According to the Grecian mythology, the Poppy owed its origin to Ceres, who created it to assuage her grief, during her search after her daughter Proserpine, who was carried off by Pluto.

> Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,
> And to adorn the teeming earth
> She bade the Poppy rise.
> COWLEY.

> Sleep-bringing Poppy, by the ploughman late,
> Not without cause, to Ceres consecrate.
> BROWNE.

The largest heads of the single white Poppy are preferred for making opium. These, being

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wounded before they are mature, and while growing, yield a milky juice; this, being collected and dried, becomes opium, of which laudanum is made. According to the quantity taken, laudanum operates either as a powerful remedy or a destructive poison.

> From a Poppy I have taken
> Mortal's balm and mortal's bane;
> Juice that, creeping through the heart,
> Deadens every sense of smart;
> Doomed to heal or doomed to kill,
> Fraught with good or fraught with ill.
>
> MRS. ROBINSON.

The Poppy has of late years been extensively cultivated in this country for the making of opium, which is found to be equal in all its qualities to that formerly imported from Turkey. The quantity annually consumed in England is about fifty thousand pounds. In Germany an oil is extracted from the seed of the Poppy, that is not inferior to the finest Italian oils for culinary purposes, if used within the year.

Many species of Poppies are cultivated in the garden. The double ones are flowers of surpassing beauty, whether we consider their delicate

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texture, elegance of shape, or variety of colouring. But, independently of the flower, the capsule, or seed-case, alone of the Poppy cannot be examined without exciting the utmost admiration of the wisdom with which it has been formed. It is covered by a shield-formed stigma, or cap, thickly perforated with holes, to admit the fecundating particles of the farina to the channels which are so disposed around the eleven cells, or chambers, of the capsule, that each seed receives its regular portion of this matter by means of an umbilical cord; though there are frequently six thousand of these vegetable eggs enclosed in one capsule. When we consider that each of these minute seeds is so admirably perfect as to contain all the essentials necessary to form in the following year a plant capable of producing at least twenty capsules, we cannot forbear exclaiming with the poet:—

How wondrous are thy ways!
How far above our knowledge and our praise!
POPE.

In the time of Gesner, the celebrated botanist of Switzerland, the village Damons and Chloes proved the sincerity of their lovers by placing in the hol-

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low of the palm of the left hand a petal, or flower-leaf, of the Poppy, which, on being struck by the other hand, was broken with a sharp sound, which denoted true attachment, but faithlessness when it failed to snap.

By a prophetic Poppy leaf I found
Your changed affection, for it gave no sound,
Though in my hand struck hollow as it lay;
But quickly withered, like your love, away.

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CORN.

RICHES.

Corn is a term applied to all sorts of grain fit for food, particularly wheat, barley, oats, and rye. All of them belong to the grand division of grasses, which are distinguished from other plants by their simple, straight, unbranched stalk, hollow and jointed, commonly called straw; with long, narrow, tapering leaves, placed at each joint of the stalk, and sheathing and enclosing it, as if by way of support.

Ceres, the goddess of corn and harvest, was represented with a garland of ears of corn on her head. The commemoration of the loss of her daughter Proserpine was celebrated about the beginning of harvest; that of her search after her at the time of sowing corn.

Botanists assure us that corn is not found any where in its primitive state. This plant, together with the use of fire, seems to have been bestowed

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by Providence on man, in order to secure to him the dominion of the earth. With corn and fire, he may dispense with all other gifts, or rather, he may acquire them all. With corn alone he can feed all the domestic animals, which furnish him with subsistence or share his labours. Corn is the first bond of society, because its culture and preparation demand hard labour and mutual services.

An Arab, having lost his way in the desert, had been two days without food: death by hunger stared him in the face. At length, coming to a well where caravans were accustomed to halt, he perceived a small leathern bag lying on the sand. He picked it up. "God be praised!" said he—"'tis a little flour, I presume." He lost no time in untying it, and, at the sight of its contents, he exclaimed—"Unfortunate creature that I am! it is only gold-dust!"

A whole straw has been made the emblem of union, and a broken straw, of rupture. The custom of breaking a straw to express the rupture of a contract may be traced back to an early period of French history, and may be almost said to have

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had a royal origin. The ancient chroniclers relate that, in 922, Charles the Simple, finding himself abandoned by the principal lords of his court, had the imprudence to call a meeting of the Champ de Mai at Soissons. There he sought friends, but found only factious opponents, whose audacity was increased by his weakness. Some reproached him with indolence, prodigality, and his blind confidence in his minister Haganon; others with his disgraceful concessions to Raoul, the Norman chieftain. Surrounded by the seditious crowd, he had recourse to entreaties and promises, hoping to escape from them by fresh concessions; but in vain. The more he betrayed his weakness the bolder they grew, and at length they declared that he should no longer be their king. At these words, pronounced with vehemence, and accompanied with threats, they advanced to the foot of the throne, broke the straws which they held in their hands, dashed them to the ground, and retired, after declaring by this act that they thus broke all compacts with him.

This is the most ancient instance of the kind on record; but it proves that this method of breaking

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contracts had long been customary; since the great vassals thought it unnecessary to accompany the act with a single word of explanation. They were sure of being understood, and they were so.

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YELLOW DAY LILLY.

COQUETRY.

THIS fragile beauty is made the emblem of coquetry, because its flower seldom lasts a second day: hence the French have named it *Belle de jour*, and it has been thus characterized by one of their poets:

Aux feux dont l'air étincelle
S'ouvre la Belle de jour;
Zéphyr la flatte de l'aile:
La friponne encore appelle
Les papillons d'alentour.

Coquettes, c'est votre emblème:
Le grand jour, le bruit vous plait,
Briller est votre art suprême;
Sans éclat le plaisir même
Devient pour vous sans attrait.

It flowers in June, and though the blossoms are so short-lived, yet they are followed by a succession of others, so that the plant continues to display its beauty, and to give out its agreeable fragrance, for a considerable time.

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SENSITIVE PLANT.

CHASTITY.

THE Sensitive Plant is so called from its motions imitating the sensibility of animal life. The plants of this genus naturally contract themselves in the evening, and expand with the morning's light, and they are still more remarkable for shrinking from external violence, and folding up their leaves at the mere approach of one's hand.

> Whence does it happen that the plant, which well
> We name the Sensitive, should move and feel?
> Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
> And with quick horror fly the neighbouring hand?
>
> PRIOR.

These are questions which naturalists have not yet been able to answer. Darwin asks: "May it not be owing to a numbness, or paralysis, consequent to too violent irritation, like the fainting of animals from pain or fatigue?" The same

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writer thus characterizes the general habits of this plant:

> Weak, with nice sense, the chaste Mimosa stands,
> From each rude touch withdraws her timid hands:
> Oft as light clouds pass o'er the summer's glade,
> Alarm'd she trembles at the moving shade,
> And feels, alive through all her tender form,
> The whisper'd murmurs of the gathering storm;
> Shuts her sweet eyelids to approaching night,
> And hails with freshen'd charms the rosy light.

Her susceptibility, however, even in the highest degree of excitement, never instigates her to injure the indiscreet hand which touches her, but only to draw back from it. The Sensitive Plant strives neither to punish nor to revenge herself. Like those modest females who never think of arming themselves with severity, she uses not her thorny bristles; she merely shrinks from the approach of the intruder. The violet is the emblem of that retiring modesty which proceeds from reflection; but the Sensitive Plant is a perfect image of innocence and virgin modesty. She suspects no harm, because she knows none, and shows herself without mistrust: but as soon as

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she is gazed at too closely, she withdraws herself as much as possible from the inquisitive eye. This modesty appears to be in her an instinct, a sense, and not the result of reflection.

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AUTUMN.

Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while, broad and brown below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty!

THOMSON.

Who loves not Autumn's joyous round,
When corn, and wine, and oil abound?
Yet who would choose, however gay,
A year of unrenewed decay?

MONTGOMERY.

No spring or summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

DONNE.

Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.

AKENSIDE.

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Go to the silent Autumn woods!
There has gone forth a spirit stern;
Its wing has waved in triumph here,
The spring's green tender leaf is sere,
And withering hangs the summer fern.

MARY HOWITT.

In our favoured country, Spring is clothed in a green robe enamelled with flowers, which owes all its ornaments to Nature. Summer crowned with blue-bottles and wild poppies, proud of her golden harvests, receives from the hand of man part of her decorations; whilst Autumn appears laden with fruit brought to perfection by his industry. Here the juicy peach is tinged with the colours of the rose; the fine flavoured apricot borrows the gold that glows in the bosom of the ranunculus; the grape decks itself with the purple of the violet; and the apple with the varied hues of the gaudy tulip. All these fruits are so like flowers, that one would suppose them to have been made only to delight the eye: but yet they come to increase the abundance of our stores, and Autumn, which pours them upon our tables, seems to proclaim that they are the last gifts which Nature means to lavish upon us.

But a new Flora suddenly makes her appear-

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ance, the offspring of commerce and industry. She was unknown to Greece in her best days, and to our simple forefathers. Roving about incessantly over the earth, she enriches us with the productions of every country. She comes, and our dull and forsaken gardens acquire fresh splendour. The China aster is intermingled with the beauteous pink of India; the mignionette from the banks of the Nile grows at the foot of the eastern tuberose; the heliotrope, the nasturtium, and the nightshade of Peru, blossom beneath the beautiful acacia of Constantinople; the Persian jasmine unites with that of Carolina to cover our arbours and to embellish our bowers; the holly hock and the Passion flower, also denominated the Jerusalem cross, which reminds us of the Crusades, raise their splendid heads beside the persicaria of the East; and Autumn, which could formerly find nothing but ears of corn and vine-leaves to compose a garland for her brows, is now astonished to find herself crowned with such rich adornments, and to be enabled to mingle with them the ever-flowering rose of the plains of Bengal.

Dearly do I love to observe these beautiful strangers, which have retained amongst us their

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native instincts and habits. The sensitive plant shrinks from my hand, as it does from that of the American savage; the African marigold predicts to me, as to the black inhabitants of the desert, dry or rainy weather; the day-lily of Portugal tells me that in an hour it will be noon; and the Peruvian nightshade informs the timid lover that the trysting-hour is at hand.

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FORGET-ME-NOT.

The name of this beautiful little flower, which enamels the banks of our rivers with its corollas of celestial blue, corresponds with the signification that is now universally attached to it. That name is derived from a German tradition full of melancholy romance. It is related that a young couple, on the eve of being united, whilst walking along the delightful banks of the Danube, saw a cluster of these lovely flowers floating on the stream, which was bearing it away. The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and lamented its fatal destiny. The lover plunged into the water to secure it; no sooner had he caught it than he found himself sinking, but, making a last effort, he threw it on the bank at the feet of his betrothed, and, at the moment of disappearing for ever, exclaimed *Vergiss mein nicht!* Since that event, this flower has been made emblematical of the sentiment, and been distinguished by the name of Forget-me-not. Its Linnean appellation is *Myosotis palustris*, and

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its common English name, Mouse-ear Scorpion-grass.

It is not surprising that the Forget-me-not should have become a favourite with her own poets as well as those of Germany. In Göthe's "Lay of the Imprisoned Knight," translated by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, are these stanzas:

Not on the mountain's shelving side,
Nor in the cultivated ground,
Nor in the garden's painted pride,
The flower I seek is found.

Where Time on sorrow's page of gloom
Has fix'd its envious lot,
Or swept the record from the tomb,
It says Forget me not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,
The fairest of the fair,
Of all that deck my lady's bower,
Or bind her floating hair.

It has been figured as a device on the seals of lovers, who have sung its praises in their verses:

To flourish in my favourite bower,
To blossom round my cot,
I cultivate the little flower
They call Forget-me not.

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It springs where Avon gently flows
In wild simplicity,
And 'neath my cottage window grows,
Sacred to love and thee.

This pretty little flowret's dye
Of soft cerulean blue,
Appears as if from Ellen's eye
It had received its hue.

Though oceans now betwixt us roar,
Though distant be our lot,
Ellen! though we should meet no more,
Sweet maid, Forget me not!

The *Myosotis palustris* is nowhere found in greater perfection and abundance than on the bank of a stream near Luxemburg, which springs from the foot of an oak, that appears as old as the world, and, forming a number of little cascades, descends into an extensive plain. It is only the bank most exposed to the south that is thickly bordered by the Forget-me-not, and the plants hanging down seem to delight in looking at themselves in the crystal mirror of the stream, which is called The Fairies' Bath, or the Cascade of the Enchanted Oak. To this favourite spot the young females often descend from the ramparts of the city, on holidays, to dance near the brook. To

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see them crowned with the flowers that line its bank, you would take them for Nymphs holding their revels in honour of the Naïad of the Enchanted Oak.

For some years this little flower has been cultivated in France with the greatest care, and it finds a ready sale in the markets of Paris. Phillips recommends its cultivation for the same purpose in this country, particularly to cottagers who live near towns; "as, by transplanting the trailing branches from their borders, into small pots, they would find it a profitable employ to send them to market, for few people would withstand the temptation to purchase these interesting flowers, that carry in their eye the tale of Forget-me-not."

The same writer says he has been informed that "the decoction or the juice of this plant has the peculiar property of hardening steel; and that, if edge-tools of that metal be made red-hot, and then quenched in the juice, and this process be repeated several times, the steel will become so hard as to cut iron, and even stone, without turning the edge."

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CHINA ASTER.

VARIETY.

THE numerous family of radiated flowers were named Aster, from the Greek word, signifying Star. Our European gardens are indebted for the China Aster to Father d'Incarville, a Jesuit missionary, who, about the year 1730, sent seeds of it to the royal garden at Paris. At first the plants produced only single flowers of one uniform colour; but through cultivation and change of soil, double varieties were obtained, and so diversified in colour, that they form one of the principal ornaments of our parterres from July to November; and the China Aster is thence made the emblem of variety. In like manner, study is capable of multiplying without limit the graces and refinements of the uncultivated mind. Brilliant and majestic, the Aster does not pretend to rival the rose, but it succeeds her, and consoles us in autumn for her absence.

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It was at first supposed that the Chinese were acquainted only with the single purple Aster that was sent to France; but they possess all the varieties which we admire, and display a taste in the arrangement of these star-formed flowers which leaves the British florist far in the back-ground. Even our most curious amateurs have yet to learn what effect these plants are capable of producing by their gay corollas, when carefully distributed by the hand of taste.

Figure to yourself for instance a bank sloping to a piece of water, covered with these gay flowers, so arranged as to rival the richest patterns of Persian carpets, or the most curious figures that can be devised by the artist in filigree. Imagine them reflected in the water, and you will have a faint idea of the enchanting effect produced by these brilliant stars in the gardens of China.

I once attempted this kind of decoration, of which a celebrated traveller had talked to me a great deal, but failed to produce the full effect intended, owing to the lack of that profusion of flowers, that variety of shades of the same colour, and, above all, that admirable Chinese patience, which conquers all obstacles. My little theatre

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however, which was rather disposed in stripes than in steps, delighted all who beheld it; and many were astonished, as well as myself, that nothing of the kind had ever yet been attempted for the decoration of our gardens or to set off our festivities.

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TUBEROSE.

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.

THIS superb child of the East, to which Linneus gave by way of eminence the epithet Polianthes, from two Greek words signifying a town and a flower, because it is generally cultivated and sold in towns, was first brought from Persia to France in 1632. It was then but single, and double flowers were not produced till long afterwards by a skilful florest of Leyden, named Lecour. It has since spread over all the world. In Russia, indeed, it flowers only for sovereigns and the great; but it has become naturalized in Peru, where it grows without culture, and unites with the glowing nasturtium to adorn the bosom of the American beauty.

The flower of the Tuberose, which grows on the top of a very tall, slender stem, is of a white colour, sometimes tinged with a blush of pink. Its perfume is delicious, rich and powerful. If

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you would enjoy it without danger, keep at some distance from the plant. To increase ten-fold the pleasure which it affords, come with the object of your affection to inhale its perfume by moonlight, when the nightingale is pouring forth his soul in song:

> The Tuberose, with her silvery light,
> That in the gardens of Malay
> Is called the mistress of the night,
> So like a bride, scented and bright,
> She comes out when the sun's away.
>
> MOORE.

Then, by a secret virtue, these grateful odours will add an inexpressible charm to your enjoyment; but if, regardless of the precepts of moderation, you will approach too near, this divine flower will then be but a dangerous enchantress, which will pour into your bosom a deadly poison. Thus the love which descends from heaven purifies and exalts the delights of a chaste passion; but that which springs from the earth proves the bane and the destruction of imprudent youth.

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PERUVIAN HELIOTROPE.

DEVOTED ATTACHMENT.

THIS flower has been confounded with the sunflower, though it is of a different genus, and totally unlike the latter. To both has been ascribed the property of turning towards the sun, and following his course round the horizon; a property not confined to these flowers, as there are others that do the same in a greater or less degree.

The blossoms of the Heliotrope form clusters of very small, delicate, fragrant flowers, generally of a faint purple colour, or white, sometimes red, and bluish white. It is, as its name implies, a native of Peru, where it was discovered by the celebrated Jussieu. While botanizing one day in the Cordilleras, he suddenly found himself overpowered by an intoxicating perfume. He looked around, expecting to find some gaudy flower or other from which it proceeded, but could perceive

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nothing but some handsome bushes, of a light green, the extremities of whose sprays were tipped with flowers of a faint blue colour. He went up to these bushes, which were about six feet high, and saw that the flowers which they bore were all turned towards the sun. Struck with this peculiarity, the learned botanist gave to the plant the name of Heliotrope, and, collecting some of its seeds, he sent them to the royal garden at Paris, where the Heliotrope was first cultivated in 1740. It has since spread to all the countries of Europe, and though there is nothing striking in its appearance, it has become a general favourite with the fair sex.

An anonymous poet has drawn from this flower a signification the very reverse of that which we have attached to it:

There is a flower, whose modest eye
  Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
  Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
  Her fond idolatry is fled;
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
  The loving eye is cold and dead.

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Canst thou not trace a moral here,
  False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
  And thou art faithless as the flow'r.

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Your love is like false riches not worth possessing.

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SUNFLOWER.

FALSE RICHES.

THE Sunflower has been thus named from the resemblance which its broad golden disk and surrounding rays bear to the sun. On this account it was used in its native country by the Peruvians who worshipped that luminary—the virgins who officiated in the Temple of the Sun being crowned with Sunflowers of pure gold, wearing them also at their bosoms, and carrying them in their hands. These golden flowers, reflecting the rays of their deity, formed a scene of dazzling brilliancy,—The first Spaniards who arrived in Peru were amazed at this profuse display of gold, but they were still more astonished when in May they beheld whole fields covered with these flowers, which they concluded at first sight to be composed of the same precious metal.

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The Sunflower has been made the emblem of false wealth, because gold, however abundant, cannot of itself render a person truly rich. It is related that Pythes, a rich Lydian, the owner of several gold mines, neglected the cultivation of his lands, which naturally became so unproductive as not to afford the necessaries of life. His wife, who proved herself possessed of as much good sense as wit, at a supper which Pythes had ordered her to prepare, caused all the dishes to be filled with representations of the different viands in gold. On the removal of the covers she said to the guests: "I set before you such fare as we have; for we cannot reap what we do not sow." This lesson made a due impression on the mind of Pythes, who acknowledged that Providence distributes its gifts like an affectionate mother, who has a love for all her offspring, however numerous.

The French call this flower *Tournesol* as well as *Soleil*, from a vulgar error that the blossoms turn to the sun. The fact is, that the flowers branch out on all sides of the plant, and those which face the east at the opening of day, never turn to the west at the close of it. Many of

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our poets, however, have adopted the popular notion that this flower regularly turns to the sun:

But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night, and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

THOMSON.

Moore, in his Irish Melodies, introduces the same notion:

As the Sunflower turns to her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Darwin also says of the Sunflower that it

Climbs the upland lawn,
And bows in homage to the rising dawn,
Imbibes with eagle eye the golden ray,
And watches, as it moves, the orb of day.

Uplift, proud Sunflower, to thy favourite orb,
That disk whereon his brightness seems to dwell,
And, as thou seem'st his radiance to absorb,
Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel.

BARTON.

This notion is, no doubt, derived from the classic legend of the nymph Clytia, who was beloved by Helios. When, however, he trans-

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ferred his affections to Leucothoe, the daughter of King Orchamos, the jealous Clytia communicated the affair to the father, who cruelly put his daughter to death. Helios was so indignant at the conduct of Clytia, that he could not forgive her, and wholly withdrew his affections. Overwhelmed with grief, she threw herself on the ground, and there lay for nine days and nights without taking any sustenance, and her eyes fixed on the sun, the type of her lover. At length the gods, moved with compassion by her sorrow and contrition, transformed her into a Sunflower, which was believed constantly to turn its face towards the sun, as if to imbibe life and warmth from his rays.

In its native country, Peru and Mexico, the Sunflower is said to grow to the height of twenty feet or more, and to produce flowers about two feet in diameter. Gerard, the first English writer who notices this plant, which he calls "The Flower of the Sunne, or the Marigolde of Peru," tells us that he had grown it in his garden at Holborn to the height of fourteen feet, and producing flowers that measured sixteen inches over.

It has been ascertained that a single Sunflower may produce upwards of two thousand seeds.

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These seeds when peeled have a taste similar to that of sweet almonds, and they are excellent food for fattening domestic poultry. In the United States of America, the Sunflower is cultivated on a large scale for the purpose of making from the seeds an oil that is good tasted, and fit for salads and all the purposes for which olive oil is used. Hence it is evident that the Sunflower might with as much justice have been made the emblem of true as of false riches.

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HOLLYHOCK.

AMBITION.

THE towering height of this majestic plant renders it an appropriate emblem of ambition. It is a native of the East Indies, China, Siberia, and Africa. From the French name, Rose de Damas, or Rose d'Outremer, it is surmised that the Hollyhock was first brought to Europe from Syria at the time of the Crusades.

We have few flowers that contribute more to the embellishment of large gardens than the Hollyhock, whose noble stems appear like so many banners garnished with roses of every variety of colour, from the palest blush to the deepest carmine, and from a faint white, through every shade of yellow, to the richest orange, from which the colour is carried on to a dark chesnut. Others are dyed of a reddish purple, deepening to black. These give gaiety to the shrubbery, till a late season of the year, throwing out a succession of flowers till the arrival of frost.

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Phillips in his "Flora Historica," indulges in the following pleasing speculations respecting this flower:—"When the children of the lower classes of society have become more civilized, and their parents sufficiently enlightened to instruct them in their duty, so that their amusement may not consist in idly destroying what cannot benefit them, but materially injures their more polished neighbours, the Hollyhock will be planted in the hedges of our fields, and the whole appearance of the country be much improved by relieving the uniformity of the generality of fences. Considerable benefit would at the same time be received by those cottagers who have the prudence to give attention to the hive; since the late season at which the Hollyhock flowers gives the bees an opportunity to make a second season for collecting their sweets."

> From the nectaries of Hollyhocks
> The humble bee, e'en till he faints, will sip.
> H. SMITH.

It is now known that the Hollyhock may be employed for other economical purposes besides the feeding of bees. It has been ascertained that good strong cloth may be made from the fibrous

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bark of its flower-stalks. In 1821, two hundred and eighty acres of land near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common Hollyhock for this manufacture; in the process of which it was discovered that the plant yields a fine blue dye, equal in beauty and permanence to the best indigo.

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MAIDEN HAIR.

SECRECY.

Up to the present day, botanists have in vain studied this plant, which seems to conceal from the most searching examination the secret of its flowers and seed, confiding to Zephyr alone the invisible germs of its young family. That deity selects a spot for the cradle of its off-spring. Sometimes he delights to form with its long tresses the dark veil hung before some cavern, in which the solitary Naïad has slept ever since the beginning of ages; at others, bearing them on his wings, he fixes them like verdant stars on the top of the towers of some old castle, or, disposing them in light festoons, he adorns with them the cool and shady spots which the herdsman loves. Thus this species of fern, which baffles the researches of Science, and conceals its origin from the most piercing eyes, does not withhold its benefits from those who solicit them.

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MEADOW SAFFRON.

MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST.

When the leaves begin to fall from the trees, a flower resembling the crocus springs up amidst the grass of the damp meadows: but, instead of being, like the crocus, the harbinger of joy and hope, it proclaims to all Nature that the bright days of summer are over. This flower is the Meadow Saffron, or Colchicum autumnale, supposed to be so named from Colchis, in Asia, where it is said to grow in abundance.

According to fabulous history, this autumnal flower owes its origin to some drops of the magic liquor, prepared by Media to restore the aged Æson to the bloom and vigour of youth, which were spilt in the fields.

> The foaming juices now the brink o'erswell;
> The barren heath, where'er the liquor fell,
> Sprang out with vernal grass, and all the pride
> Of blooming May.
>
> TATE'S OVID.

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In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

SHAKSPEARE.

It has been suggested also that, as Medea is sometimes called Colchis, it was this plant that relieved Æson from his infirmities. Hence it came to be considered as a preservative against all sorts of diseases. The Swiss hang it round their children's necks, and imagine them to be thenceforth exempt from every kind of ailment.

Most superstitious notions, however ridiculous as they may now appear, originated in the first instance in some reasonable opinion. Could we divest the tales of antiquity of their fabulous dress, we should probably find them all explanatory of real events. In this case, we should perhaps discover that Medea, having relieved Æson from a fit of the gout, his subjects celebrated her praise for having restored their sovereign to youthful sprightliness. This interpretation is rendered the more plausible by the late discovery of the powerful efficacy of the Colchicum, not only in gout and rheumatic affections of the joints, but also in most

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inflammatory disorders. In many cases, however, it has produced injurious effects; so that, as a medicine, it ought not to be administered but by the most cautious practitioners; for the Colchicum is undoubtedly a poisonous root, and its deleterious effects are to be dreaded until the precise dose is accurately ascertained.

The poisonous quality of this plant seems to be known as it were by instinct to all kinds of cattle. They all shun it, and it is no uncommon thing to see it standing alone in pastures, where every other kind of herbage has been eaten down, without a leaf of this plant being touched.

The Meadow Saffron cannot but interest the botanist on account of the singular phenomena which it exhibits. Its corolla, six-cleft, of a violet colour, has neither leaves nor stem: a long tube, white as ivory, which is but a prolongation of the flower, is its sole support. At the bottom of this tube Nature has placed the seed, which is not destined to ripen before the following spring. The seed-vessel which encloses it is buried in the turf during the winter: but, on the return of spring, it rises from the ground, waving in the

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sunshine surrounded by a tuft of broad leaves of the brightest green. The seeds ripen in May. Thus, this plant, reversing the accustomed order of the seasons, mingles its fruits with the flowers of spring, and its flowers with the fruits of autumn.

Then bright from earth, amid the troubled sky,
Ascends fair Colchicum, with radiant eye,
Warms the cold bosom of the hoary year,
And lights with beauty's blaze the dusky sphere.
DARWIN.

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SWEET-SCENTED TUSSILAGE.

JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE TO YOU.

ALTHOUGH this plant is a native of Italy, it remained unknown till the present century, when M. Villan, a skilful botanist of Greenoble, was attracted by its delightful fragrance at the foot of Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, whence he brought it to perfume the winter gardens of our continental neighbours. It cast its first odour on the British shore in 1806, and it has become so far naturalized to our climate as to discharge its fragrance over our walks in winter, as freely as the mignionette of Egypt does in summer.

Thus, genius, hidden beneath a modest exterior, is not discerned by the vulgar; but, if it once meets the eye of an enlightened judge, its powers are revealed, and it commands the admiration of those who, with stupid indifference, perceive in it nothing extraordinary. A young miller in Holland, having a taste for painting, exercised it at

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leisure hours in portraying the scenery amidst which he lived. His master's mill and cattle, an admirable verdure, the effects of the sky, clouds, vapour, light, and shade, were transferred with exquisite truth to the canvass by his untutored pencil. No sooner had he finished one picture than he carried it to the colourman and exchanged it for materials to paint another. It happened that the innkeeper of the place, expecting company at his house, wished to decorate the apartment destined for their reception, and bought two of the pictures for that purpose. An eminent painter, chancing to stop at the inn, admired the truth of these landscapes, offered one hundred florins for what had cost but a crown, and, on paying for them, promised to take all the works of the young miller at the same price. Thus was the reputation of the latter established and his fortune made. In his prosperity he never forgot his dear mill, the figure of which is to be found in all his pictures, which are so many master-pieces. Who would imagine that plants, like men, need a patron in order that their merits may be duly appreciated!

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SCARLET GERANIUM.

STUPIDITY.

MADAME DE STAEL was always angry whenever any of her acquaintance attempted to introduce a stupid person into her company. One day, one of her friends ventured, nevertheless, to bring to her a young Swiss officer of the most prepossessing exterior. The lady, pleased with his appearance, was very lively, and said a thousand flattering things to the new-comer, who seemed at first to be struck mute by surprise and admiration. When, however, he had listened to her for above an hour without opening his lips, she began to suspect the cause of his silence, and put to him such direct questions that he could not help answering. Alas, for the visitor! his answers were extremely silly! Madame de Stael, vexed at having thrown away her time and her wit, turned to her friend and said: "Indeed, sir, you are like my gardener,

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who thought to do me a pleasure by bringing me this morning a pot of Geranium: but I can tell you that I made him take back the flower; desiring him not to let me see it any more." "And why so?" asked the young man in astonishment. "It was, since you wish to know, because the Geranium is a beautiful scarlet flower; while you look at it, it pleases the eye; but when you press it ever so slightly, it gives out a disagreeable smell." With these words, Madame de Stael rose and went out of the room, leaving, you may be sure, the cheeks of the young fool as red as his coat or the flower to which he had just been likened.

Among the cultivated varieties of the Geranium there are, however, some which have a very agreeable scent and whose flowers exhibit many diversities of colour. It is also found in a wild state under the names of Crane's Bill and Herb Robert. The following poetic tribute has been paid to it by the latter appellation:—

I will not sing the mossy rose,
The jasmine sweet, or lily fair,
The tints the rich carnation shows,
The stock's sweet scent that fills the air.

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Full many a bard has sung their praise
In metre smooth, and polished line;
A simple flower and humbler lays
May best befit a pen like mine.

There is a small but lovely flower,
With crimson star and calynx brown,
On pathway side, beneath the bower,
By Nature's hand profusely strown.

Inquire you when this flowret springs?—
When Nature wakes to mirth and love,
When all her fragrance summer flings,
When latest autumn chills the grove.

Like the sweet bird whose name it bears,
'Midst falling leaves and fading flowers,
The passing traveller it cheers,
In shorten'd days and darksome hours.

And, should you ask me where it blows,
I answer, on the mountains bare,
High on the tufted rock it grows,
In lonely glens or meadows fair.

It blooms amidst those flowery dales
Where winding Aire pursues its course;
It smiles upon the craggy fells
That rise around its lofty source.

There are its rosy petals shown,
Midst curious forms and mosses rare,
Imbedded in the dark gray stone,
When not another flower is there.

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Oh! emblem of that stedfast mind,
Which, through the varying scenes of life
By genuine piety refined,
Holds on its way 'midst noise and strife.

Though dark the impending tempests lour,
The path of duty it espies,
Calm 'midst the whirlwind and the shower,
Thankful when brighter hours arise.

Oh! could our darken'd minds discern
In thy sweet form this lesson plain,
Could we it practically learn,
Herb Robert would not bloom in vain.

At Rome, the leaf of the Geranium is employed in a favourite game or amusement, which is called *Far il Verde*. The time chosen for it is the beginning of spring, when the trees and the fields put on their new liveries. A gentleman and lady then agree upon a *Verde*, and determine the duration of the game and the forfeits to be paid. Both parties have now to take care that they are constantly provided, both at home and abroad, with a fresh Geranium leaf. On meeting one another, the question is, *Avede il Verde?* succeeded by the challenge, *Fatte vadere il Verde*, or *Fatte il Verde*. The person so addressed must immediately show

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the Geranium leaf, and as a sign that it is fresh, rub it against a wall, or any thing upon which it can leave a mark. If it fails to make a green spot, or if the party has left it at home, he must either pay the specified penalty, or pledge himself to do so. Thus, too, this engagement gives each a right to enter without ceremony the apartment of the other, to rub his green leaf against the wall, and to put his playmate to the same test. The game generally lasts for some weeks, and is more common among the higher classes than the lower. It presupposes an intimate acquaintance between the parties, or is designed to produce one. An engagement of this kind, therefore, cannot well be concluded with an unmarried lady without the consent of her parents, and, as it is often a prelude to marriage, it is not decorous for a single lady to offer the challenge. The penalties are determined by the more or less intimate footing upon which the parties stand; in some cases they are kisses, in others sweetmeats or sonnets. Sometimes the person who has most pledges to redeem gives, at the conclusion of the game, a ball or supper. The progress of the game furnishes occasion for many a sly trick; one of the parties

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secretly stealing the other's leaf, and then demanding proof that he has it; and sometimes also it is purposely dropped, when the penalty to be paid is not too severe.

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CYPRESS.

MOURNING.

The Cypress is the emblem of mourning.
SHAKSPEARE.

ACCORDING to Ovid, the Cypress derived its name from Cyparissos, an especial friend of Apollo's, who, in grief at having inadvertently killed a favourite stag of his, prayed the gods that his mourning might be made perpetual, and was changed into a Cypress tree, the branches of which were thenceforward used at funerals.

Wherever these trees meet our view, their doleful look excites melancholy ideas. Their tall pyramids, pointing to the sky, moan when shaken by the wind. The sun's rays cannot penetrate through their gloom, and when his last beams throw their long shadows upon the ground, you would almost take them for dark phantoms. Sometimes the Cypress raises his head among the flowery tenants of our shrubberies, like those representations of death which the Romans were

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accustomed to show to their guests even amid the transports of boisterous mirth.

The ancients consecrated the Cypress to the Fates, the Furies, and Pluto. They placed it near tombs. The people of the East have retained the same custom. Their cemeteries are not scenes of desolation and neglect. Covered with trees and flowers, they are places of public resort, which are continually bringing together the living and the dead. The favourite tree for burial-grounds is the Cypress, which the Turks plant not only at the head and foot, but also upon the graves of deceased friends. Such, indeed, is their reverence for the dead, that they frequent the cemeteries more than the mosques themselves, for the purpose of prayer and religious meditation. There are many pious Mussulmans who do not suffer a day to pass without praying at the grave of their parents, children, relatives, or friends. You may see at every hour of the day and even of the night some person or other either watering or planting fragrant shrubs and flowers in these abodes of peace.

The common European evergreen Cypress is a very long-lived tree, and attains to a great size.

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According to Pliny, there were Cypress trees growing in his time at Rome, which were more ancient than the city itself. Bartholdy makes mention of one at Misitra, which was thirty feet in circumference. The American species, one of the largest trees in the United States, is sometimes found of the same girth, and seventy feet high: its branches extend almost horizontally.

The wood of the Cypress is remarkable for its durability. Many of the chests containing the Egyptian mummies are of this material, affording a decisive proof of its almost imperishable nature. We are further assured that the gates of St. Paul's Church at Rome, made of Cypress wood, which had lasted from the time of Constantine, eleven hundred years, were as fresh as new when Pope Eugenius IV. ordered gates of brass to be erected in their stead.

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MARVEL OF PERU.

TIMIDITY.

This beautiful plant was first brought to Spain from Peru, and received its name from the wonderful diversity of colours in the flowers on the same root,

> Changing from the splendid rose
> To the pale violet's dejected hue.
>
> Akenside.

The French call it *Belle de Nuit*, because its flowers, apparently too timid to expand, even to a European meridian sun, open and give out their fragrance at night only.

The Marvel of Peru retains its beauty for a great length of time, being frequently covered with blossoms from the beginning of July to the end of October, and the flowers are so numerous that the plants have a most cheerful appearance, particularly towards evening, as they rarely expand in warm weather before the hour of four in

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the afternoon, on which account it is sometimes called Four-o'clock Flower. But, when the weather is moderately cool, and the sun obscured, these shy blossoms remain open the whole day.

Phillips remarks that, however timid these flowers may appear in the presence of the god of day, they stand the blaze of the strongest artificial light as cheerfully as other belles who delight to shine at the same hour with this emblem of timidity.

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting here an exquisite little poem by Mrs. Hemans, on "Night-scented Flowers," which originally appeared in the Forget me Not.

"Call back your odours, lonely flowers,
From the night-wind call them back;
And fold your leaves till the laughing hours
Come forth in the sunbeam's track.

"The lark lies couched in her grassy nest,
And the honey-bee is gone;
And all bright things are away to rest—
Why watch ye here alone?"

"Nay, let our shadowy beauty bloom,
When the stars give quiet light;
And let us offer our faint perfume
On the silent shrine of night.

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"Call it not wasted the scent we lend
To the breeze when no step is nigh;
Oh! thus for ever the earth should send
Her grateful breath on high!

"And love us as emblems, night's dewy flowers,
Of hopes unto sorrows given,
That spring through the gloom of the darkest hours,
Looking alone to Heaven."

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OAK.

HOSPITALITY.

The ancients believed that the Oak, coeval with the earth, afforded food and shelter to the first of men. In the remotest antiquity, it was the symbol of majesty and strength, and, as such, sacred to Jupiter, whom it sheltered at his birth, on Mount Lyceus in Arcadia.

Among the Greeks, the Oak performed an important part in the religious ceremonies. The Oaks in the grove of Dodona in Epirus, near the magnificent temple of Jupiter, gave forth the oracles which were there promulgated by the priestesses. On the banks of the Achelous grew those Oaks whose acorns were the first food of mortals. The Dodonean Jupiter, the Fates, and Hecate, were crowned with Oak-wreaths; and the heroes who sailed in the Argo chose for the mast of that vessel an Oak from the sacred grove of Dodona, which continued to counsel the adventurers by oracular intimations. As the oak was

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an object of such reverence, it is no wonder that the gods who were entertained by Philemon, (see the Linden Tree,) conceived that they could not confer on him a more suitable recompense than to transform him into an Oak tree, that was to overshadow the temple of Jupiter, into which his hut was changed. Hence this tree became the emblem of hospitality.

Among the Romans, various kinds of crowns were given as rewards of military achievements. The most honourable of these, a wreath of green Oak, called the civic crown, was allotted to him who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle. It was also decreed to Cicero for detecting Catiline's conspiracy. Scipio Africanus refused the civic crown for saving the life of his father at the battle of Trebia, on the ground that the act carried with it its own reward. The possessor of such a crown had a right to wear it constantly; when he entered an assembly, all present, senators themselves not excepted, were obliged to rise; and he was exempt from every kind of civil burdens and imposts.

Divine honours were paid to the oak by the ancient Germans and Celts, who worshipped under

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its form their god Teut. Their priests, the Druids, offered sacrifices beneath it; their victims were crowned with Oak leaves, and it was requisite that the piles of wood on which they were burned should be lighted with brands of Oak.

By modern Britain the Oak, as furnishing the material of which our fleets are constructed, has justly been adopted as the emblem of her naval power—that power of which the first of our living poets proudly says:

> Britannia needs no bulwarks,
> No towers along the steep;
> Her march is on the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep.

Though our dusky forests are no longer the haunts of Hamadryads and fairies, still the aspect of a majestic Oak excites admiration and awe. When, in youthful vigour, it rears its proud head and spreads its immense arms, it looks like a protector, like a king. Shattered by the thunderbolt, stripped of its foliage, and motionless, it resembles an old man who has lived past his time, and who takes no interest in the pains and pleasures of the present age. The stormy winds sometimes strive for the mastery over this monarch

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of the forest; at first he murmurs only, but soon a dull, deep, melancholy sound issues from his sturdy branches. You listen and fancy that you hear an indistinct, mysterious voice speaking from the tree; which furnishes a clue to the ancient superstitions that prevailed respecting it.

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AMARANTH.

IMMORTALITY.

THE unfading nature of this flower has caused it to be made the emblem of immortality. It is mentioned by Milton as forming the diadem of the angels:—

With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns, inwove with amaranth and gold—
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom, but soon, for man's offence,
To heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft, shading the font of life,
And where the river of bliss, through midst of heaven,
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.

The Amaranth has also been placed among funeral flowers. Homer describes the Thessalins as wearing crowns of Amaranth at the funeral of Achilles.

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Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
Meseems I see Amintas' wretched fate,
To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.
SPENSER.

Milton, too, in his Lycidas, classes it among the flowers "that sad embroidery wear:"—

Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

In modern times, the Amaranth has given its name to an order instituted by Queen Christina of Sweden, in the year 1633, at an entertainment given in honour of Don Antonio Pimentel, the Spanish ambassador. On this occasion she appeared in a dress covered with diamonds, attended by a suite of sixteen nobles of her court and the same number of ladies. At the conclusion of the ball, she stripped herself of the diamonds, and distributed them among the company, at the same time presenting the new order of knighthood, consisting of a riband and medal, with an Amaranth in enamel, encircled with the motto: *Dolce nella memoria.*"

In the Floral games at Toulouse, the principal prize was a golden Amaranth for the best lyric composition.

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The species of Amaranth called Tricolor, a native of the East Indies, is admired on account of the variegated colours of its leaves, resembling, as Gerard tells us, the splendid feathers of a parrot, with its stripes of red, yellow, white, green, &c. The Amaranthus hypochondriacus, one of the American species, is better known by the name of Prince's Feather. The leaves of most of the species of this plant are used in hot countries as culinary vegetables: but they are not equal to spinach, which they somewhat resemble.

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PARSLEY.

FESTIVITY.

PARSLEY was held in high repute by the Greeks. At banquets they bound their brows with its slight sprigs, and also adorned with them the graves of their deceased relatives. In the Isthmian games at Rome the victors were crowned with Parsley.

It was formerly imagined that this plant came originally from Sardinia, because that island is represented on ancient medals as a female, beside whom is a vase containing a bunch of Parsley; but it is in fact a native of all the damp and shady spots in Greece, and even of the southern provinces of France.

From the beautiful green of this plant, it forms an elegant decoration to the dishes which are garnished with it. It adds a luxury to the poor man's soup-kettle, and contributes to the elegance of the most splendid dinners. A branch of laurel and a

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Parsley crown are the attributes which would now-a-days suit the god of banquets. These plants have been employed for nobler purposes; but, in the age of gastronomy, it will not do to insist too strongly on what was done in the heroic ages.

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WINTER.

And welcome art thou, melancholy time,
That now surround'st my dwelling—with the sound
Of winds that rush in darkness—the sublime
Roar of drear woods.

W. Howitt.

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.

Scott.

A wreath for merry Christmas quickly twine,
A wreath for the bright red sparkling wine;
Though roses are dead,
And their bloom is fled,
Yet for Christmas a bonnie, bonnie wreath we'll twine,
Away to the wood where the bright holly grows,
And its red berries blush amid winter snows:
Away to the ruin where the green ivy clings
And around the dark fane its verdure flings;
Hey for the ivy and holly so bright,
They are the garlands for Christmas night!

Louisa Anne Twamley.

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DEAD LEAVES.

SADNESS—MELANCHOLY.

WINTER comes on. The trees, after being stripped of their fruit, have now lost their leaves. The sun, as he recedes from us, throws dun or melancholy tints over the foliage. The poplar is covered with a pale gold colour, while the acacia rolls up its light folioles, which the sun's rays will no more expand: the birch droops its long hair, already deprived of ornaments; and the fir, which is destined to retain its green pyramid, waves it proudly in the air. The oak stands immoveable: he defies the utmost efforts of the wind, which cannot strip his stately head of its honours: and it is only to Spring that the monarch of the woods will yield his leaves reddened by Winter.

All these trees might be supposed to be moved by different passions: one bows profoundly, as if to pay homage to its neighbour, whom the tempest cannot bend; another seems to be striving to embrace its companion, the supporter of its weak-

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ness, and, while their branches are commingled, a third dashes about in every direction, as if it were surrounded by enemies. Respect, friendship, hate, anger, seem to be alternately communicated by one to another. Thus shaken by all the winds, and as if agitated by all the passions, they utter long moans, resembling the confused murmurs of an alarmed people. There is no predominant voice: they are low, deep, monotonous sounds, which throw the mind into a vague reverie. Showers of dead leaves frequently fall upon the ground, deprived of its verdure, and cover the earth with a moving garment. The eye cannot help watching how the winds pursue, scatter, whirl, and drive hither and thither, these sad remains of a spring that will never return.

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ALOE.

GRIEF.

THE Aloe is attached to the soil by very feeble roots; it delights to grow in the wilderness; its taste is extremely bitter. Thus grief detaches us from the earth, separates us from the world, and fills our hearts with bitterness. These plants live almost entirely on air, and assume singular and grotesque shapes. Le Vaillant found several species in great profusion in the deserts of the Namaquas, in South Africa. Some had leaves six feet long; they are thick, and armed with long spines; from the centre of these leaves shoots up a slender stem, as tall as a tree, and covered with flowers. Others are marbled, and look like snakes creeping upon the ground. Brydone saw the ancient city of Syracuse overgrown with large Aloes in blossom; their elegant stems gave to the promontory on which it stands the appearance of an enchanted wood. These magnificent and monstrous plants have been given to barbarous Africa: they grow

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upon rocks, in dry sand, amidst a burning atmosphere, breathed by lions and tigers. Let us be thankful to bounteous Nature, who in our mild climate has every where raised bowers of verdure over our heads, and spread carpets of daisies, primroses, and violets under our feet!

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IVY.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP has sometimes chosen for its device a fallen tree, firmly embraced by the verdant arms of the Ivy, with this motto: "Nothing can part us." In Greece the altar of Hymen was encircled with Ivy, and a branch of it was presented to the new-married couple, as a symbol of the indissoluble knot. It was sacred to Bacchus, who is represented crowned with Ivy-leaves, as well as those of the vine. It formed the crown of the Greek and Roman poets; and, in modern times, woman's love, constancy, and dependence, have been expressed by it.

Ingratitude has sometimes been represented by the Ivy strangling its supporting benefactor. This calumny has been repelled by the author of the "Studies of Nature," who regards it as the model of pure friendship. "Nothing," says he, "can separate it from the tree which it has once embraced: it clothes it with its own leaves in that

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inclement season when its dark boughs are covered with hoar-frost. The faithful companion of its destiny, it falls when the tree is cut down: death itself does not relax its grasp, and it continues to adorn with its verdure the dry trunk which once supported it."

These ideas, equally refined and pathetic, have the additional merit of truth. The Ivy is attached to the earth by its own roots, and derives no nourishment from the substances to which it clings. The protector of ruins, it adorns the dilapidated walls which it holds together: it will not accept every kind of support, but its attachments end only with its life.

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MISTLETOE.

I SURMOUNT ALL DIFFICULTIES.

THE Mistletoe is a creeping plant, which grows on the tops of the tallest trees. The proud oak is its slave, and nourishes it with his own substance. The Druids paid a kind of adoration to it, as the emblem of a weakness that was superior to strength: they regarded the tyrant of the oak as equally formidable to men and gods. This opinion was founded on the following fable of their mythology.

One day, Balder told his mother Friga that he dreamt he was dying. Friga charmed fire, metals, diseases, water, and animals, that they might not have power to harm her son; and her spells were so powerful that nothing could resist them. Balder,

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therefore, mingled fearlessly in the battles of the gods. Loke, his enemy, wished to ascertain how it was that he always escaped unhurt. Assuming the form of an old woman, he repaired to Friga. "In battle," said he to her, "arrows, javalins, and rocks, fall upon your son Balder, without doing him any harm."—"I know it," said Friga: "all those things have sworn not to hurt him; there is nothing in nature from which I have not obtained the same promise, except a plant which seemed too weak to do him any injury: it grows upon the bark of the oak, and it is called Mistletoe." Thus spake Friga. Loke instantly went in quest of the plant, and, returning to the assembled gods, who were fighting with the invulnerable Balder, for their sports are battles, he went up to the blind Heder. "Why," said he, "dost not thou launch thy darts against Balder?"—"Alas!" replied Heder, "I am blind, and I have no weapons." Loke gave him a dart made of Mistletoe, saying, "Balder is right before thee." The blind Heder threw the dart, which pierced Balder, who fell lifeless. Thus the invulnerable son of a goddess was killed by a dart made of Mistletoe, thrown by a blind man.

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Such is the origin of the respect paid by the Gauls to this parasite shrub.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the important part still performed by the Mistletoe in our Christmas gambols.

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MOSS.

MATERNAL LOVE.

JEAN JAQUES ROUSSEAU, so long tormented by his own passions, and persecuted by those of other persons, soothed the latter years of his life by the study of nature: the Mosses in particular engaged his attention. It is these, he would frequently say, that give a look of youth and freshness to our fields; they embellish nature at the moment when the flowers have left us, and when their withered stems are mingled with the mould of our plains. In fact, it is in winter that the Mosses offer to the eye of the botanist their carpet of emerald green, their secret nuptials, and the charming mysteries of the urns and amphoræ which enclose their posterity.

Like those friends whom neither adversity nor ingratitude can alienate, the Mosses, banished from cultivated lands, take possession of waste and sterile spots, which they cover with their own substance, and gradually change into a fertile

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soil: they spread themselves over marshes, and soon transform them into smiling plains. In winter, when no other plants vegetate, they take up the hydrogen and the carbon which vitiate the air we breathe, and give it back to us charged with the oxygen which purifies it. In summer, they form, beneath over-arching trees, carpets on which the shepherd, the lover, and the poet, alike delight to rest. The little birds line with it the nests which they prepare for their infant families, and the squirrel constructs with it his circular dwelling. Nay, it may be asserted that but for the Mosses, part of our globe would be uninhabitable.

At the extremity of the earth, the Laplanders cover with Moss the subterraneous abodes, where, collected in families, they defy the longest and severest winters. Their numerous herds of reindeer have no other food, yet they supply their owners with delicious milk, nutritious flesh, and warm clothing; thus combining for the poor Laplander all the advantages that we derive from the cow, the horse, and the sheep.

Thus Nature dispenses her bounty in the most rigorous climates: she enwraps in Moss all that

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vegetates and all that breathes, as in a vegetable fleece, capable of preserving her less gifted children from the effects of the intense cold, and keeping them warm upon her maternal bosom.

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LAURUSTINUS.

I DIE IF NEGLECTED.

This pretty plant, which is the gift of Spain, is the ornament of our shrubberies in winter, appearing in full leaf and flower at a time when other plants are stripped of theirs. Neither the scorching breath of summer nor the cold blast of winter can despoil it of its charms: at the same time, assiduous care is necessary to preserve it. The emblem of constant and delicate friendship, it always seeks to please, but dies if neglected.

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CORNEL CHERRY-TREE.

DURABILITY.

The Cornel Cherry-tree grows no higher than eighteen or twenty feet. It is of very slow growth, but lives for ages. It blossoms in spring, but its bright scarlet berries are not ripe till winter.

The Greeks consecrated this tree to Apollo, no doubt because that god presided over the productions of the mind, which require much time and reflection—a charming emblem, intimating to those who were desirous to cultivate letters, eloquence, and poetry, that, before they can earn the laurel crown, they must long wear that of patience and meditation.

After Romulus had marked out the bounds of his rising city, he threw his javelin on the Mount Palatine. The weapon, made of the wood of the Cornel Cherry-tree, stuck fast in the ground, took

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root, grew, threw out leaves and branches, and became a tree. This prodigy was considered as the happy presage of the power and duration of the infant empire.

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LAUREL.

GLORY.

The Greeks and the Romans consecrated Laurel crowns to every species of Glory. With these they adorned the brows of warriors and poets, of orators and philosophers, of vestals and emperors. This beautiful shrub grows abundantly at Delphi, on the banks of the river Peneus. There its aromatic and evergreen branches shoot up to the height of the loftiest trees; and it is alleged that by means of some secret virtue they avert lightning from the spots which they adorn.

According to ancient fable, the fair Daphne was the daughter of the river Peneus. Apollo fell in love with her, but she, preferring virtue to the love of the most eloquent of the gods, fled in order to avoid the seducing magic of his words, Apollo pursued, and was on the point of overtaking her, when the nymph invoked her father, and was changed into a Laurel. The god, finding that it was an insensible tree that he held clasped in his

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arms, kissed its bright leaves. "Since thou canst not be my spouse," said he," thou shalt at least be my tree. Thou shalt ever adorn my brow, my lyre, and my quiver; and, as golden locks always cluster around my youthful head, so shalt thou always retain thy bright, beautiful foliage."—Thenceforward the Laurel was sacred to Apollo.

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HOLLY.

FORESIGHT.

THE providence of Nature is most admirably displayed in this beautiful evergreen tree, sometimes rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet, with shining prickly leaves and white flowers, which grow in clusters round the branches, and are succeeded by berries of a bright scarlet colour, containing four very hard seeds. The leaves form a grateful food to many animals: but Nature has armed them for self-defence against these depredators with sharp prickles: and it is curious to observe that the thorny leaves grow only on the lower parts of the tree where they are most likely to be destroyed; and that those above, out of the reach of cattle, invest themselves with smooth leaves, as if conscious that there they are safe.

The Holly is an ornament to our woods, stripped bare by winter: its berries serve for food to the

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little birds that never leave us, and its foliage affords them an hospitable shelter during the cold season. Thus Nature, by a kind forethought, has taken care to preserve the verdure of this handsome tree all the year round, and to arm it with thorns, that it may furnish both food and protection to the innocent creatures which resort to it for refuge. It is a friend, which her all-powerful hand raises up for them against the time when all other reliance fails. As, however, this is not a world of unmixed good, it may be added that, from the bark of the common Holly, when fermented and washed from the woody fibres, is made the bird-lime that is used for catching small birds.

The Holly with its scarlet-berries, is the most beautiful of the evergreens that have been used for ages to adorn churches and houses at the joyful season of Christmas:

Christmas the joyous period of the year!
Now with bright Holly all the temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe.

GAY.

With Holly and ivy,
So green and so gay,
We deck up our houses
As fresh as the day;

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With bays and rosemary,
And laurel complete,
And every one now
Is a king in conceit.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANAC, 1695.

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YEW.

SORROW.

THERE is in vegetables something that invites, attracts, or repels. The Yew is among all nations the emblem of sorrow. Its barkless trunk, its dark-green foliage, with which its fruit, looking like drops of blood, stands in harsh contrast—in short, every thing about it warns the passenger to keep aloof from its dangerous shade. Persons who sleep under a Yew-tree are liable to be seized with dizziness, heaviness, and violent head-ach. Its sprays poison asses and horses which eat them: its juice is pernicious to man; but the fruit is harmless, for children eat it without experiencing any ill effects. It exhausts the soil which supports it, and destroys all other plants that spring up beneath it.

By our ancestors, the Yew was planted in burial-grounds, where trees of this kind, of great age and size, may occasionally be seen to this

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day. They were not destined merely to overshadow the graves of the dead, but, before the invention of fire-arms, their wood was chiefly employed for making bows, cross-bows and arrows. The ancient Greeks used it for the same purposes.

For a long time it served to adorn our gardens, where it formed hedges clipped into the shape of massive walls or tortured into fantastic figures; but, thanks to the improved taste in landscape-gardening introduced during the last century, that barbarous perversion of nature is quite exploded in this country, though it may yet be met with in the formal gardens of Holland. There, it is not uncommon to see the four corners of a perfect square ornamented with Yews, clipped into the form of vases, pyramids, or prodigious balls.

The Greeks, who had more just ideas of the real beauties of Nature, impressed, like ourselves, with the melancholy aspect of this tree, invented the fable of the unhappy Smilax, who seeing that her love was rejected by the young Crocus, was transformed into a Yew. In their beautiful country, every plant, every tree, spoke to men of heroes, of gods, and of love. Let us listen to their voices: to us, too, they will talk of Providence

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who, after bestowing a profusion of them for the supply of our wants, reserves some for our pleasures, or as monitors for our guidance. Some she gives to be the playthings of our childhood, to form wreaths for us in youth, to afford us delicious fruits and refreshing shade in every period of life. Are we melancholy, the willow invites us by soft murmurs; are we disposed to love, the myrtle offers us its flowers; are we rich, the horse-chesnut furnishes its superb umbrage; are we sorrowful, the Yew seems to say to us; "Be of good cheer; grief desolates the heart, as I desolate the soil that supports me: it is as dangerous to man as my shade is to the weary passenger!"

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HAZEL.

PEACE, RECONCILIATION.

THERE was a time when men were not united by any tie. Deaf to the voice of Nature, the mother would snatch from her famished son the wild fruit with which he was striving to appease the craving of hunger. If calamity reconciled them for a moment, all at once the sight of an oak loaded with acorns, or a beech-tree covered with mast, made them as bitter enemies as ever. The earth was then a scene of misery. There was neither law, religion, nor language. Man knew not his high prerogatives; his reason was not yet awakened; and frequently he proved himself more cruel than the ferocious beasts, whose fearful howlings he imitated.

The gods at length took pity on men. Apollo and Mercury made presents to each other, and descended to the earth. The god of harmony received from the son of Maia the shell of a tortoise, out of which he had constructed a lyre,

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and gave him in exchange a Hazel stick, which had the power of imparting a love of virtue and of reconciling hearts divided by envy and hate. Thus equipped, the two sons of Jupiter sought the abodes of mortals. Apollo first sang the eternal wisdom which created the universe; he told how the elements were produced; how love unites all the parts of nature in one general bond; and, lastly, how men ought to appease by prayer the wrath of the gods. At his voice animosities were suspended, and revenge was banished from every heart. Mercury then touched men with the rod which Apollo had given to him. He loosed their tongues, and taught them to express their thoughts in words. He then explained to them that union constitutes strength, and that, without mutually assisting each other, they could not render the earth productive. Awakened by his exhortations, filial piety and love of country sprang forth to unite mankind, and he made commerce the general bond of the world. His last thought was the most sublime, for it was devoted to the gods: he taught men to resemble them in universal love and beneficence.

Adorned with two light wings, and entwined

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with serpents, the Hazel rod given to the god of eloquence by the god of harmony is still, by the name of caduceus, the emblem of peace, commerce, and reconciliation.

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JUNIPER.

PROTECTION.

The ancients consecrated this shrub to the Furies. The smoke of its green roots was the incense which they offered in preference to the infernal gods; and they burned its berries during funerals to ban malign influences. In some parts of the Continent, the simple villager still believes that the perfume of Juniper berries purifies the air, and drives evil spirits from his humble cot.

The Juniper, which sometimes clothes itself in a golden yellow livery, rarely thrives under cultivation; when left at liberty, it loves to grow on the margin of woods. Weak and timorous animals frequently seek refuge under its long branches, which droop to the ground. The hare, when hard pressed, repairs to it, and squats with confidence beneath its sprays, the strong scent of which frequently sets the dogs at fault. Often, too, the thrush entrusts to it her young brood, and feeds

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upon its fruit: while the etomologist comes to study, around its branches bristling with spikes, a thousand resplendent insects, which have no other defence, and seem conscious that this shrub is destined to protect their weakness.

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ILLUSTRATION OF FLOWER-WRITING.

The annexed plate furnishes an example of the facility with which the principles laid down in the preceding pages may be reduced to practice. The subject is taken from the following song, by a French poet, the Chevalier Parny:

Aimer est un plaisir charmant,
C'est un bonheur qui nous enivre,
Et qui produit l'enchantement.
Avoir aimé, c'est ne plus vivre;
Hélas! c'est avoir acheté
Cette accablante vérité,
Que les sermens sont un mensonge,
Que l'amour trompe tôt ou tard,
Que l'innocence n'est qu'un art,
Et que le bonheur n'est qu'un songe.

It may be thus rendered:

"To love is a pleasure, a happiness, which intoxicates: to love no longer, is to live no longer; it is to have bought this sad truth, that innocence is falsehood, that love is an art, and that happiness is a dream."

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To love is a pleasure, a happiness that intoxicates,

to cease to love is ceasing to exist, it is to have bought

this sad truth that innocence is a falsehood

love an art and happiness a dream.

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DICTIONARY

OF

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

WITH THE

ORIGIN OF THEIR SIGNIFICATIONS.

Absence, *Wormwood.* Absence, according to La Fontaine, is the worst of evils: Wormwood is the bitterest of plants. Its name, derived from the Greek, signifies, without sweetness.

Accommodating Disposition, *Valerian.* Page 136.

Activity, *Thyme.* Page 103.

Affection, Generous and Devoted, *Honeysuckle.* Page 111.

After-Thought, *China Aster.* Page 193. The Aster begins to blow when other flowers are

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scarce. It is like an after-thought of Flora's, who smiles at leaving us.

AGITATION, *Shaking Sainfoin.* It has been remarked that the terminating leaflet of this plant is motionless, while the two others, which are much smaller, shake incessantly during the day. This motion is one of the most singular phenomena of botany. It was first observed in Bengal by Lady Monson.

AMBITION, *Hollyhock.* Page 206.

AMIABLENESS, *Jasmine.* Page 138.

ARDOUR, *Broom.* It is said that the spadix of the plants of this family, of which there are more than fifty species, acquires so strong a heat as to be painful to the hand when touched. This surprising fact is attested by several naturalists, and among others by Bory de Saint Vincent, and Hubert.

ARTIFICE, *Clematis.* Beggars, in order to excite pity, make false ulcers on their flesh by means of the Clematis. This infamous artifice often produces in the end a real sore.

ARTS, THE, *Acanthus.* Page 106.

ATTACHMENT, DEVOTED, *Peruvian Heliotrope.* Page 198.

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BEAUTY, CAPRICIOUS, *Musk Rose.* The small flowers of the Musk Rose would be insignificant if they did not grow in clusters of from twenty to one hundred and more. Their delicate musky scent is very agreeable. This plant, however, is extremely capricious: all at once it will languish in situations which at first appeared the most favourable for it: and one year it will be loaded with flowers, while the next perhaps it will have none at all.

——— EVER NEW. *The Monthly Rose*, which flowers all the year.

——— FLEETING, *Withered Rose.* When we contemplate a withered Rose, and reflect that only a few hours since it was revelling in all the pride of beauty, we cannot but regard it as an appropriate emblem of the fleeting nature of personal charms; for, brilliant as they may be, how quickly do they fade! Still, the withered rose, which, though in decay, retains its fragrance, may teach us that, even when beauty has fled, we may yet, like it, have it in our power to please.

——— LASTING, *Stock.* Page 155.

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BELOVED DAUGHTER, *Cinquefoil.* In wet weather the leaves of this plant contract and bend over the flower, forming, as it were, a little tent to cover it—an apt emblem of an affectionate mother engaged in protecting a beloved child.

BENEFICENCE, *Mallow.* Page 150. The Potatoe, the peculiar vegetable of the poor, is also regarded as an emblem of beneficence. This root, lasting but for a year, escapes the monopoly of trade. Modest as true charity, the potatoe hides its treasures: it bestows them on the rich, and feeds the poor with them. America presented us with this useful vegetable, which has for ever banished from Europe one of the direst calamities—famine.

BEWARE OF EXCESS, *Saffron.* A weak infusion of Saffron cheers the spirits, but those who drink too much of this liquor go mad. It is the same with its odour: if you smell to it slightly, it refreshes; if to excess, it kills.

BLACKNESS, *Ebony-tree.* Pluto, the sovereign of the infernal regions, was seated on a throne of Ebony. It is said of a wicked man—he has a heart as black as Ebony. This saying no doubt

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originated in this circumstance, that, while the alburnum of the Ebony-tree is white, its foliage soft and silvery, and its flowers brilliant and beautiful, the heart alone is really black.

BLUNTNESS, *Borage*. The leaves of Borage are prickly, hairy, and wrinkled; but the whole of the plant is wholesome. Its good qualities make us endure and even forget its rough appearance, which reminds us that bluntness is frequently accompanied by a good heart.

BOLDNESS, *Larch*. This tree grows upon the loftiest mountains, where it attains a prodigious height. In the North, it is often covered with a species of lichen, which envelops it as with a thick fur. The rustics amuse themselves with setting fire to this singular clothing: it catches freely, and a light flame suddenly shoots up to the sky, sparkling and going out in a moment. You would imagine that these beautiful trees had been placed in those situations for the express purpose of exhibiting to the desert the astonishing spectacle of the most magnificent fireworks.

CALM REPOSE, *Buck-bean*. Page 105.

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CALUMNY, *Madder.* Madder stains red. When sheep have browsed this plant, their teeth look as if they were stained by the blood of some victim. Thus wickedness frequently takes advantage of deceitful appearances to calumniate innocence.

CANDOUR, *White Violet.* Candour precedes Modesty: it is a Violet still clothed in the colour of Innocence.

CHASTITY, *Sensitive Plant.* Page 182.

————, *Orange-flower.* It is customary in some countries for brides to wear a wreath of Orange flowers; and it is still usual in the neighbourhood of Paris to deny this ornament on their wedding-day to females who have not preserved their chastity.

CHILD-BIRTH, *Dittany.* When Juno presided at the birth of children, by the name of Lucina, she wore a crown of Dittany. The pleasing smell of this shrub, and the medicinal properties for which it was so famous among the ancients, cause it to be still held in esteem. It is a native of the island of Crete.

CHILDHOOD, *Primrose.* Page 43.

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CONFIDENCE, *Liverwort*, or *Hepatica*. When the gardeners see the pretty flowers of the Hepatica, they say: "The earth is in love; we may sow with confidence."

CONSOLATION, *Poppy*. Page 173.

————, *Wild Poppy*. The Wild Poppy contains in its scarlet bosom an invaluable soother of pain and sorrow. The ancients, who regarded Sleep as the healer of all woes, the great comforter of the world, gave him for his only ornament a wreath of Poppies.

CONSTANCY, *Canterbury Bell*. The stems of this plant frequently shoot up to the height of three or four feet, and are covered from bottom to top with large beautiful flowers, that open in July, and retain all their splendour till October. The colour of these blue bell-shaped flowers is that of constancy.

COQUETRY, DESIRE TO PLEASE, *Mezereon*. Page 42.

————, *Yellow Day Lily*. Page 181.

COURAGE, *Black Poplar*. This tree was consecrated to Hercules.

CRUELTY, *Nettle*. The sting of the Nettle causes a pain like that from a burn. On examining

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the leaves of the Nettle with a microscope, you are surprised to see them covered with stiff, articulated, sharp-pointed bristles, which are so many conductors to a sharp burning liquid, enclosed in a bladder at the bottom of each. These hairs and bladders are exactly like the stings of bees. In the insect, as in the plant, it is the sharp humour which causes the pain.

CURE, *Balm of Gilead.* This exquisite balm, so justly esteemed by the ancients, seems to have been provided by nature to soothe pain: thus we often use the word balm in a moral and figurative sense, to express any thing that allays and mitigates sorrow. Beneficent virtue and affectionate friendship are true balms, which heal the wounds of the heart, a thousand times more painful than any physical evils.

CURIOSITY, *Sycamore.* This tree is mentioned but once historically, and that is in the Bible. Zaccheus the publican mingled with the crowd on the day of our Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and, in order to obtain a better view of the Messiah, he climbed up into a Sycamore-tree, which has thence been made the emblem of curiosity.

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DANGEROUS PLEASURES, *Tuberose.* Page 196.

DECEITFUL CHARMS, *Thorn Apple.* Page 165.

DELICACY, *Corn-bottle.* The beautiful blue of this flower, which is like that of a cloudless sky, is the emblem of a tender and delicate affection, nourished by hope.

DESIRE, *Jonquil.* The Jonquil, which came to us from Constantinople, is with the Turks the emblem of desire.

DESPAIR, *Marigold and Cypress.* Cypress is the emblem of Death; the Marigold of sorrow. The combination of the two expresses despair.

DIGNITY, *Clove-tree.* The aromatic Clove-tree is a native of the Molucca islands. The people of those islands wear its flowers, which we call cloves, as a mark of distinction.

DISCRETION, *Maiden hair.* Page 209.

DISDAIN, *Yellow Pink.* As haughty people are in general unaccommodating and unamiable, so of all the pink tribe the yellow is the least beautiful, the least fragrant, and yet requires the most care.

DOCILITY, *Rush.* It is a proverbial saying, as supple as a Rush.

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Do Me Justice, *Chesnut-tree.* Chesnuts are enclosed, two, three, or four, together, in one green husk, armed with numerous spikes. Those who are not acquainted with the tree disregard the fruit on account of its rough appearance.

Durability, *Cornel Cherry-tree.* Page 251.

Elegance, *Rose Acacia.* The art of the toilet cannot produce any thing fresher or more elegant than the attire of this pretty shrub. Its drooping branches, its gay green, its beautiful bunches of pink flowers, resembling bows of ribands, all give it the appearance of a fashionable female in her ball dress.

Elevation, *Fir-tree.* The Fir delights in cold regions, and grows there to a prodigious height.

Eloquence, *Lotus.* The Egyptians consecrated the flower of the Lotus to the Sun, the god of eloquence. This flower closes and sinks into the water at sunset, rising from it and opening again as soon as the brilliant luminary re-appears above the horizon. It constitutes one of the ornaments of the head of Osiris. The Indian gods are frequently represented floating

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on the water upon a Lotus flower: perhaps an emblem of the earth issuing from the bosom of the deep.

ENCHANTMENT, *Vervain.* Page 147.

ENVY, *Bramble.* The Bramble, like envy, creeps and strives to stifle every thing that comes near it.

ERROR, *Bee Orchis.* The flowers of this plant so nearly resemble a small humble bee in shape and colour that they might easily be mistaken for that insect.

ESTEEM, *Sage.* The common garden Sage has ever been held in great esteem by all domestic practitioners for its medicinal virtues. By the ancients it was supposed to possess the virtue of prolonging life: hence a line in one of their poets, which signifies: "How can a man die in whose garden there grows Sage?"

FAITH, *Passion Flower.* In the Passion Flower you find a representation of the crown of thorns, the scourge, the cross, the sponge, the nails, and the five wounds of Christ; whence its name.

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FALSEHOOD, *Bugloss.* Page 86.

————, *Manchineel-tree.* The fruit of the Manchineel-tree resembles an apple. This deceitful appearance, together with an agreeable smell, invites you to eat it: but its soft and spongy substance contains a milky and perfidious juice, which at first appears insipid, but soon becomes so caustic as to burn at once the lips, the palate, and the tongue. All travellers agree in stating that the best remedy for so violent a poison is sea-water. Luckily it is always at hand, as the tree grows invariably on the sea-shore.

FALSE RICHES, *Sunflower.* Page 201.

FESTIVITY, *Parsley.* Page 235.

FIDELITY, *Speedwell*, or *Veronica*, formed from *vera-icon*, a compound of Latin and Greek, signifying *true image.* This derivation, illiterate and barbarous as it is, has the sanction of the superstitious legend of St. Veronica, whose handkerchief is recorded to have received the impression of our Saviour's face, as he used it in bearing his cross to the place of crucifixion.

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FIDELITY IN MISFORTUNE, *Wallflower*. Page 63.

FINESSE, *Sweet-william*. This plant, with its large brilliant bunches of blossoms, displays in all its parts exquisite beauty and delicacy.

FIRE, *Fraxinella*. When the day has been hot and dry, the Fraxinella emits an inflammable gas, which, being condensed by the cool evening air, forms around it an atmosphere that takes fire at the approach of a light, without injuring the plant.

FLAME, *Flower-de-Luce*. The Flower-de-Luce, or Iris Germanica, is a plant which the peasants of Germany are fond of cultivating on the roofs of their cottages. When the wind waves its beautiful flowers, and the sun gilds their petals, tinged with gold, purple, and azure, it looks as if light flames were playing on the top of those rustic dwellings.

FLATTERY, *Venus's Looking-glass*. As soon as the sun sheds his golden rays upon our cornfields, we see the bright purple flowers of a pretty variety of campanula scattered over them; but should clouds intercept his beams, the corollas of these flowers immediately close, as at the

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approach of night. It is related that Venus one day dropped one of her mirrors. A shepherd picked it up; but, no sooner had he cast his eyes on this glass, which possessed the property of embellishing whatever it reflected, than he forgot his mistress, and did nothing but admire himself. Love, fearful of the consequences of such a silly error, broke the mirror, and changed its fragments into this pretty plant, which has ever since retained the name of Venus's Looking glass.

FOLLY, *Columbine.* This graceful flower has been made the emblem of folly, but whether on account of the party-colour which it frequently takes in the garden, or in allusion to the shape of the nectary, which turns over, like the caps of the old jesters, or those which painters give to Folly, we are left to divine.

FORESIGHT, *Holly.* Page 255.

FORGETFULNESS, *Moonwort.* This plant has not received its name from its seed, as it has been generally supposed, but from the partition which divides its broad, flat pods, and is round like the moon. René, duke of Bar and Lorraine, having

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been taken prisoner at the battle of Toulongeon, painted, with his own hand, a sprig of Moonwort, and sent it to his vassals, to reproach them for their dilatoriness in effecting his deliverance.

FORGET-ME-NOT, *Scorpion Grass.* Page 189.

FORSAKEN, *Anemone.* Anemone was a nymph, beloved by Zephyr. Flora, jealous of her, banished her from her court, and transformed her into a flower, that blows before the return of spring. Zephyr has abandoned this unhappy beauty to the rude caresses of Boreas, who, unable to gain her love, harshly shakes her, half opens her blossoms, and causes her immediately to fade. An Anemone, with these words *Brevis est usus*—"Her reign is short"—is admirably expressive of the transitory nature of beauty.

FRIENDSHIP, *Acacia.* Page 163.

————, *Ivy.* Page 252.

FRIVOLITY, *London Pride.* Though Nature has not painted any flower with more delicacy than the spotted petals of this plant, whence it received the name of None-so-pretty, still it is considered as the emblem of a light and frivo-

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lous sentiment; so that a lover would think it an insult to his mistress to offer her a nosegay in which it was introduced.

FRIVOLOUS AMUSEMENT, *Bladder-nut.* The fruit of the Bladder-nut tree, when pressed between the fingers, bursts with a report. Idle persons sometimes indulge, as well as little boys, in the frivolous amusement of producing this noise.

FRUGALITY, *Chicory.* Horace has celebrated the frugality of his repasts, composed of Mallows and Chicory.

GALLANTRY, *A Nosegay.* The attentions of gallantry cannot be better expressed than by a Nosegay. Such a present may be of little intrinsic value, but it is always a proof of amiable and delicate attention.

GAME, PLAY, *Hyacinth.* This flower, so celebrated in the songs of the poets, from the time of Homer to the present day, is made hieroglyphical of play, because a youth named Hyacinthus was killed, while playing with Apollo, by a quoit, which the jealous Zephyr blew upon him. Apollo, unable to recall his favourite to life, changed him into the flower which bears his name.

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GENEROSITY, *Orange-tree.* The Orange-tree is covered at one and the same time with flowers, fruit, and foliage. It is a generous friend, which is continually lavishing kindness upon us.

GENIUS, *Plane-tree.* The Portico at Athens was surrounded by long avenues of majestic Plane-trees. The Greeks paid a kind of worship to those beautiful trees, and consecrated them to genius and intellectual pleasures.

GIRL, *Rosebud.* A young girl is a rose still in bud.

GLORY, *Laurel.* Page 253.

GOOD EDUCATION, *Cherry-tree.* It is generally believed that the Cherry-tree was brought from Cerasonte, a town in the kingdom of Pontus, to Rome, by Lucullus. It is not the less true, however, that our woods have always produced several species of wild cherry, which require nothing but careful cultivation to change the harsh, sour berries into that delicious fruit which is an ornament to our gardens and our desserts, and a favourite with young and old.

GRACE, *Hundred-leaved Rose.* When the Graces accompany Venus and the Loves, they are

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crowned with myrtle; when they attend the Muses, they are represented as adorned with wreaths of the Hundred-leafed Rose.

GRANDEUR, *Ash-tree.* In the Edda, the gods are said to hold their court under a miraculous Ash-tree, which covers the surface of the whole world with its branches. The top of this tree reaches the sky; its roots penetrate to hell. From the latter issue two springs; in one of which wisdom is hidden, and in the other is contained the knowledge of futurity.

GRIEF, *Marigold.* Page 159.

———, *Aloe.* Page 240.

HAPPINESS, *Sweet Sultan.* In the harems of the East, this lusciously sweet flower is an emblem of supreme happiness.

———, RETURN OF, *Lily of the Valley.* Page 89.

HATE, *Basil.* Poverty is sometimes represented by the figure of a female covered with rags, seated by a plant of Basil. It is common to say that Hate has the eye of a basilisk, a fabulous animal, which is supposed to kill with a

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single glance. The name of Basil, however, is derived from a Greek word, signifying royal, a term indicating the excellence of this fragrant plant.

HEART, UNACQUAINTED WITH LOVE, *White Rose-bud.* Before the breath of Love had animated the world, all roses were white and all female hearts insensible.

HERMITAGE, *Milkwort.* This pretty plant, which grows to the height of a foot, never loses its leaves, which resemble those of box. The hermits, who formerly dwelt on elevated places, planted it around their habitation. The ancients regarded this plant as favourable to cattle, and thought that it caused them to yield a great deal of milk, as is expressed by its Greek name, *Polygala.*

HIDDEN MERIT, *Coriander.* Fresh Coriander has an intolerable smell, as its Greek name, *Koris*, a bug, implies: yet its aromatic seeds are in request with cooks and confectioners, who often use it to flavour pastry and made dishes.

HOPE, *Snowdrop.* Page 40.

——, *Hawthorn*, Page 71.

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HORROR, *Virginia Cactus.* This plant throws out in every direction its trailing shoots, which resemble clusters of snakes.

HOSPITALITY, *Oak-tree.* Page 228.

HUMILITY, *Broom.* Page 113.

I ATTACH MYSELF TO YOU, *Ipomœa, Indian Jasmine.* The scarlet of Ipomœa requires a supporter for its slender branches, and, without fatiguing that supporter, it wreathes it with foliage and flowers.

I DECLARE WAR AGAINST YOU, *Wild Tansey.* This plant resembles the pyramidal cypress. In some parts of Italy, people present stalks of it to those whom they mean to insult.

I DIE IF NEGLECTED, *Laurustinus.* Page 250.

I FEEL YOUR KINDNESS, *Flax.* We are under so many obligations to Flax, that we cannot open our eyes without being deeply sensible of them. We are indebted to it for linen, cloth, paper, and lace.

I LOVE YOU, *Peruvian Heliotrope.* Page 198.

I SHALL NOT SURVIVE YOU, *Black Mulberry-tree.* Everybody knows the affecting story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Pyramus, in the belief that

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his beloved Thisbe had been devoured by a furious lioness, killed himself in despair. Thisbe, who had fled affrighted from their place of meeting, returned just in time to see her lover expire. She could not survive him, and the same dagger united the lovers in death.

I SHARE YOUR SENTIMENTS, *Garden Daisy.* It appears that it is very long since cultivation doubled the pretty field Daisy. When the mistress of a knight permitted him to have this flower engraven on his arms, it was a public avowal that she returned his love.

I SURMOUNT ALL DIFFICULTIES, *Mistletoe.* Page 244.

I WILL THINK OF IT, *Wild Daisy.* In the times of chivalry, when a lady would neither reject nor accept the suit of her lover, she adorned her brow with a wreath of Wild Daisies, which intimated: *I will think of it.*

IMMORTALITY, *Amaranth.* Page 232. The name of this flower is composed of two Greek words, which signify never-fading.

IMPATIENCE, *Balsam.* The seed-vessel of this plant contains five cells. When maturity ap-

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proaches, each of these divisions curls up at the slightest touch, and scatters its seeds to a distance by a spontaneous movement. Hence its English appellation—Touch-me not.

IMPORTUNITY, *Burdock.* Burdock takes possession of a good soil, from which it is very difficult to extirpate it. Everybody is acquainted with its burs, which fasten on one's clothes in such a troublesome manner.

INCONSTANCY, *Large-flowered Evening Primrose.* A native of Virginia, which, notwithstanding its inconstancy, has been favourably received in our gardens.

INDEPENDENCE, *Wild Plum-tree.* The wild Plum is the least tractable of our native trees. It will not bear the knife, neither can it be transplanted.

INDISCRETION, *Bulrush.* King Midas, having preferred the singing of Marsyas, the saytr, to that of Apollo, the god clapped upon him a pair of ass's ears. The kings's barber saw them, and, unable to keep the secret, buried it at the foot of a cluster of Bulrushes. These reeds, shaken by the wind, continually murmured, *King Midas has ass's ears.*

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INFIDELITY, *Yellow Rose.* It is well known that yellow is the colour of false as well as of jealous people. The Yellow Rose seems also to be their flower. Injured by wet, scorched by the sun, this scentless rose, which profits neither by attention nor liberty, seems to thrive only under restraint. When you would see it in perfection, you must bend down its buds towards the ground, and keep them by force in that position.

INGENUITY, *Pencilled-leafed Geranium.* When we compare the works of God with those of man, how trifling the latter appear! Take a piece of the finest lawn, look at it through a glass, and it appears like canvass: take, on the other hand, the meanest of the Almighty's works, and the more you examine it the greater harmony and symmetry you will find. The pencilled-leaf Geranium to the negligent and careless observer appears a simple flower; but examine it closely, mark the pink veins that meander in every direction over its leaves, sometimes so delicate as to be scarcely visible; study it well, and the more you do so the more beautiful it will appear; and learn thence to admire the

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skill and ingenuity displayed in the works of the Creator.

INGRATITUDE, *Buttercup.* This plant is the most mischievous of any in our meadows: cultivation makes its bad qualities worse. It flowers from May to August.

INJUSTICE, *Hop.* The Hop is made the emblem of injustice, because its climbing tendrils stifle the trees and plants which they entwine in their embrace; and the prodigious vegetation of the whole plant speedily exhausts the soil upon which it grows.

INNOCENCE, *Daisy.* Page 55.

INSPIRATION, *Angelica.* This beautiful plant, which grows in the northernmost countries, is employed to crown the Lapland poets, who fancy themselves inspired by its odour.

INTOXICATION, *Vine.* Anacharsis said that the Vine produces three kinds of fruit, intoxication, debauchery, and repentance; and that he who is temperate in speech, in diet, and in amusement, must be an excellent man.

IRONY, *Sardonia.* This plant has some resemblance to parsley. It contains a poison, which

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has the effect of contracting the mouth in so singular a manner as to give the appearance of laughter to a person at the point of death. Hence this horrible laugh is called the *sardonic:* it is often seen playing on the lips of Satire and cold Irony.

JOKING, *Balm Gentle.* This plant gives out an agreeable lemon smell: an infusion of it composes the nerves and excites mirth.

JOY, *Wood Sorrel.* The Wood Sorrel, vulgarly called Cuckoo's Bread, flowers about Easter. This pretty plant every evening folds up its leaves, closes its flowers, and lets them droop, as if to indulge in sleep: but at the first dawn of day, you would say that it was filled with joy, for it expands its leaves, opens its flowers, and, from this circumstance, no doubt, it is said by the country people, to give praise to God.

JUSTICE SHALL BE DONE TO YOU, *Sweet-scented Tussilage.* Page 214.

KEEP YOUR PROMISES, *Plum-tree.* The Plum-tree is every year covered with flowers; but, if the

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hand of the skilful gardener does not remove a portion of this useless luxury, these trees will not have a crop oftener than once in three years.

LIFE, *Lucern.* Page 110.

LIGHTNESS, *Larkspur.* The flower of Larkspur is papilionaceous, and of many different colours. It owes its name to the singular form of its seed vessel, on which may be distinguished the joints and claws of a bird's foot.

LONGEVITY, *Fig.* The Fig has been made the emblem of longevity, on account of its wholesomeness, when ripe, and eaten in moderation. The Andalusians eat this fruit before breakfast, and they have this saying: *En eso va la vida* —"On this life depends."

LOVE, *Myrtle.* Page 108.

——, *Rose*, Page 118.

——, CONJUGAL, *Linden tree.* Page 98.

——, DECLARATION OF, *Tulip.* Page 75.

——, FIRST EMOTIONS OF, *Lilac.* Page 83.

——, FRATERNAL, *Syringa.* One of the Ptolemies, kings of Egypt, acquired celebrity for

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the love which he manifested for his brother. A species of the Syringa was consecrated to his memory; and his surname, Philadelphus, which signifies one who loves his brother, has been used to distinguish this genius, two species of which are cultivated.

LOVE, MATERNAL, *Moss.* Page 247.

——, PURE, *Pink.* Page 142.

MAJESTY, *Lily.* Page 153.

MEANNESS, *Cuscuta*, or *Dodder.* This plant, of which there are five species, springs up out of the earth from seed, and no sooner does its stalk meet with that of another plant than it fastens upon it; its own root dies, and it then lives entirely at the expense of others. Like a vile parasite, it absorbs all the juices of its supporter, and it is not long before it causes its destruction.

MELANCHOLY, *Dead Leaves.* Page 238.

——— MIND, *Sorrowful Geranium.* This charming species of Geranium, like the melancholy mind, seeks obscurity, but it delights those who cultivate it by its delicious scent. Its colour is dark and unobtrusive, and it dif-

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fers in every respect from the scarlet Geranium, the emblem of stupidity.

MESSAGE, *Iris*. There are more than thirty species of Iris, both bulbous and with other roots. From their brilliant and diversified colours, resembling those of the rainbow, these beautiful flowers have been named after the messenger of the gods. It is well known that the fair Iris was the bearer of good news only.

MISANTHROPY, *Fullers' Teasel*. The flowers of the Fullers' Teasel are armed with long, sharp thorns: the whole plant has a surly look. It is, nevertheless, handsome and useful: it is used by clothiers and fullers to raise the nap on their cloths, and has thence derived its name.

MISTRUST, *Lavender*. It was formerly believed that the asp, a dangerous species of viper, made Lavender its habitual place of abode, for which reason that plant was approached with extreme caution. The ancients used it largely in their baths, whence its name, derived from the Latin verb, *lavare*, to wash.

MODESTY, *Violet*. Page 52.

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MORALS, *Wild Rue.* The Molly which Mercury is said to have given to Ulysses, as an antidote to Circe's beverage, is supposed to have been the root of the Wild Rue.

MOURNING, *Weeping Willow.* Page 48.

————, *Cypress.* Page 222.

MUSIC, *Reeds.* Pan, who was in love with the beautiful Syrinx, was pursuing her one day on the bank of the river Ladon in Arcadia. The Nymph implored the help of the river, which received her into its waters, and transformed her into a cluster of Reeds. Pan cut several of the stalks of these Reeds of different lengths, and with them is said to have constructed the shepherd's pipe.

MY BANE, MY ANTIDOTE, *White Poppy.* Page 173.

MY BEST DAYS ARE PAST, *Meadow Saffron.* Page 210.

MY REGRETS FOLLOW YOU TO THE GRAVE, *Asphodel.* In ancient times, the Asphodel was planted near tombs, and it was thought that beyond the Acheron the shades of the deceased wandered in a vast field of Asphodels, and drank of the oblivious waters of Lethe.

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NIGHT, *Night Convolvulus.* There are several species of beautiful bindweed that open only at night. They are natives of hot countries.

ORACLE, RUSTIC, *Dandelion.* Page 170.

ORNAMENT, *Hornbeam.* This tree formerly constituted a principal ornament of large gardens. It was employed to form long screens of verdure, arches, obelisks, pyramids, and colonnades. Le Nôtre has shown at Versailles with what skill and taste he could introduce it into his noble compositions.

PATIENCE, *Patience Dock.* The root of this plant is frequently used in medicine: it is extremely bitter.

PEACE, *Olive.* Peace, Wisdom, Concord, Clemency, Joy, and the Graces, are crowned with Olive. The dove sent out by Noah brought back to the ark an Olive branch, as an emblem of that peace which Heaven had granted to the earth.

———, *Hazel.* Page 261.

PERFECTION, *Strawberry.* Page 131.

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POETRY, *Eglantine.* The Eglantine is the poet's flower. In the Floral Games it was the prize for the best composition on the charms of study and eloquence.

POWER, *Crown Imperial.* The Crown Imperial, which belongs to the family of the lilies, grows to the height of two or three feet. The flowers are formed by a circle of tulip-shaped corollas, turned downwards, which have the appearance of so many gay bells, the stigma answering for the clapper; the whole being crowned by a coma, or tuft of green leaves, which gives to it a singular and agreeable effect. Each of the bells contain some drops of water, which adhere to the bottom of the corolla till it withers: the foot-stalks of the flowers then raise themselves to ripen the seed.

PREDICTION, *Prophetic Marigold.* This species of Marigold opens regularly at seven o'clock, and remains open till four, if the weather is dry: if it does not open, or if it closes before its accustomed hour, you may be sure that there will be rain during the day.

PREFERENCE, *Apple Blossom.* A handsome flower,

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which promises fine and useful fruit, may be preferred to the rose itself.

PREFERENCE, *Rose scented Geranium.* There are more than a hundred species of the Geranium: some are sad, others brilliant, some scented, and others without smell. This, which is rose-scented, is distinguished by the softness of its leaves, and the beauty of its flowers, as well as by its fragrant smell.

PRESUMPTION, *Snapdragon.* On pressing the sides of this flower, it opens like a gaping mouth, the stigma representing the tongue. On removing the pressure, the lips of the corolla snap together, and hence its name. The monopetalous corolla forms a mask, which resembles the face of an animal. The French call it Calf's Snout, from a supposed resemblance in the form of its seed-vessel or fruit. This beautiful plant has been judiciously introduced into our gardens, but, like presumptuous people, it is sometimes troublesome by spreading too far, and is consequently eradicated.

PRIDE, *Amaryllis.* Gardeners account the Ama-

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ryllis, of which there are numerous varieties, a proud plant, because even after the greatest care it refuses to blossom. The Guernsey lily is a splendid species. The number of flowers is commonly from eight to twelve, and the circumference of each about seven inches. The corolla in its prime has the colour of a fine gold tissue wrought on a rose-coloured ground, and when it begins to fade it is pink. In full sunshine it seems to be studded with diamonds; but by candle-light, the specks or spangles appear more like fine-gold dust: when the petals are somewhat withered, they assume a deep crimson colour. The name of these beautiful plants is derived from a Greek word signifying to shine, sparkle, flash.

PRIVATION, *Myrobolan.* This tree is not unlike the plum-tree, and produces a fruit having the colour and appearance of a beautiful cherry, but containing only a juice of a disagreeable flavour, so that the very birds refuse to feed upon it.

PROHIBITION, *Privet.* Page 92.

PROMPTNESS, *Ten Weeks Stock.* This plant springs

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up very soon after it is sown, and blossoms within ten weeks. As the flowers are but short-lived, if you would enjoy them for any length of time, you ought to keep sowing them from March till August. Nothing can be more delightful than the red, white, and purple tints of these flowers, which give out a most fragrant smell.

PROSPERITY, *Beech.* The Beech may be considered as the rival of the oak for beauty of form and the utility of its wood. It grows in any situation, and shoots up with such rapidity that it is common to say you may see it grow.

PROTECTION, *Juniper.* Page 264.

PURITY, *Star of Bethlehem.* Nothing can be more pure and pleasing than the appearance of this lovely plant, which throws up in the month of June a long bunch of star-like flowers, as white as milk.

RARITY, *Mandrake.* The ancients attributed extraordinary virtues to the Mandragora, or Mandrake, but, as they have not left any accurate description of this plant, we know not the

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species to which they gave the name. Our quacks, ever eager to profit by ignorance, contrive, by a gross artifice, to give the miniature figure of a man to different roots, which they show to the credulous, assuring them that these are real Mandrakes, which are found only in a small and almost inaccessible district of China. They tell them also that the Mandrake cries lamentably when pulled up out of the ground; that the person who pulls up one of these roots is sure to die soon afterwards; that, in order to procure it, the earth must be dug away from it, a cord tied round it, and the other end fastened to a dog, which pulls it away, and then has to pay the penalty of the impious deed. Were we to collect all the absurd and superstitious notions that have originated in ancient errors, respecting the supposed virtues of plants which never existed, they would form a curious volume.

RECOLLECTIONS, PAINFUL, *Flos Adonis*. Page 152.
————, TENDER, *Periwinkle*. Page 93.
RECONCILIATION, *Hazel*. Page 261.

RESERVE, *Maple*. The Maple has been made the

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emblem of reserve, because its flowers are late in opening and slow to fall.

RESISTANCE, *Tremella Nostoc.* This is a gelatinous plant, which has much engaged the attention of men of science, but has hitherto escaped their researches. It was in high repute with the alchymists of old, who, like the vulgar of the present day, considered it to be the substance of what are termed falling stars, and employed it as such in their attempts to compose the philosopher's stone and a universal panacea. Other sages have regarded this gelatine as matter cast up by hawks after eating frogs; and others, again, have supposed it to be a real animal. It appears, however, that, as if to escape their investigations, this plant and several more of the same nature mutually transform themselves one into another. It is found in the alleys and gardens and in meadows. After cool and rainy nights, it has been observed to cover the ground completely in certain spots; but a few hours' sunshine causes it to disappear. In short, nothing positive is yet known concerning the Tremella, which continues to be a secret of Nature.

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Resolution, *Cress.* The ancients were of opinion that those who eat Cress become firm and decided, for which reason this plant was in great request.

Riches, *Corn.* Page 177.

———, **False**, *Sunflower.* Page 201.

Royalty, *Argrec.* This is a parasitical plant of the Molucca Isles. In Ternate, the females of the blood royal wreathe it in their hair, but do not allow slaves or servants to wear it. They have reserved to themselves this exclusive right, says a traveller, persuaded that Nature, by causing this plant to grow only on elevated situations, has clearly indicated that its flowers are designed for the exclusive decoration of royalty.

Rudeness, *Clot Bur.* The rough and prickly Clot Bur, which possesses neither beauty nor utility, though continually banished from our fields, always finds its way back to them.

Rupture, *Greek Valerian.* Pliny relates that several kings contested the honour of having first discovered this plant; hence it received the name of Polemonium, from the Greek word polemos, signifying war.

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RUPTURE OF A CONTRACT, *Broken Straw.* Page 189.

SADNESS, *Dead Leaves.* Page 238.

SECRECY, *Maiden Hair.* Page 209.

SELF-LOVE, *Narcissus.* Page 67.

SEPARATION, *Carolina Jasmine.* Page 167.

SICKNESS, *Field Anemone.* In some countries people imagine that the flowers of the Field Anemone are so pernicious as to taint the air, and that those who breathe its emanations are liable to severe illness.

SILENCE, *White Rose.* The god of silence was represented under the form of a young man, half-naked, with the fore-finger of one hand on his lips, and holding a White Rose in the other. Love was said to have given him this Rose, in order to propitiate his favour. The ancients placed a carved Rose over the doors of their banqueting rooms, to caution their guests not to repeat any thing that might be said there.

SIMPLICITY, *Single Rose.* Simplicity embellishes beauty itself, and throws a veil over deformity. Clemence Isaure, who instituted the Floral

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games, allotted a Single Rose as the prize of eloquence.

SKILL, *Spider Ophrys.* Arachne was a very clever embroideress, who ventured to challenge Minerva to a trial of skill in the practice of the art. The offended goddess changed her imprudent rival into a spider. The Spider Ophrys resembles the insect, which, under its repulsive form, has lost none of the skill of its predecessor.

SLEEP, *Poppy.* From the Poppy is obtained laudanum, which soothes the senses, and induces sleep. Page 173.

SNARE, *Catchfly.* The Catchfly is an appropriate emblem of the gross snares spread for imprudent youth. Flies, attracted by its smell, are caught by the viscous matter which covers its flower-stalks, and holds them so fast that they cannot escape.

SOLITUDE, *Heath.* Page 95.

SORROW, *Yew-tree.* Page 258.

SOURNESS OF TEMPER, *Barberry.* The fruit of the Barberry is extremely sour: the shrub that bears it is armed with thorns, and the flowers possess such irritability, that, at the slightest

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touch, all the stamina fold round the pistil. Thus this tree exhibits all the different characters of ill-tempered persons.

SPELL, *Circæa, or Enchanter's Nightshade.* This plant, as its name intimates, is famous in magical incantations. Its flower is rose-coloured, streaked with purple. It is found in damp shady situations, and is fond of growing upon the ruins of buildings and tombs.

STOICISM, *Box-tree.* The Box is fond of the shade; it is an evergreen, enduring cold and heat, requiring little care, and flourishing for many years.

STRATAGEM, *Walnut.* The city of Amiens was taken by the Spaniards, in 1599, by a singular stratagem. Some soldiers, disguised as countrymen, came up to the gate with a cart-load of Walnuts. Here they untied one of the sacks containing the nuts; the latter fell out, as soon as the gate was opened and the cart began to move, and, while the guards were busy picking them up, a body of Spaniards, who were in ambush, fell upon them, and made themselves masters of the city.

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STRENGTH, *Fennel.* The gladiators mixed this plant with their food to increase their strength: and, after the games in the arena, the victor was crowned with Fennel.

STUPIDITY, *Scarlet Geranium.* Page 216.

SURLINESS, *Thistle.* The decoration of the Scotch order of the Thistle is a gold chain, entwined with flowers of the Thistle, and bearing this motto—*Nemo me impune lacessit*—"Nobody annoys me with impunity."

SURPRISE, *Truffle.* This curious vegetable has ever been a subject of surprise to the observer. It has neither root, stalk, nor leaves. The Truffle grows under the ground, and never appears above the surface.

SUSPICION, *Champignon.* There are several species of Champignons which are known to be deadly poisons. The Ostiaks, a Siberian tribe, make with three heads of the Agaricus muscarius a preparation which will kill the strongest man in twelve hours. Several of the Champignons of this country also are very dangerous; some of them contain so acrid a liquid, that a single drop will blister the tongue: yet the Russians

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during their long Lent, subsist almost entirely on Champignons; and by the French they are esteemed a great delicacy. People ought, however, to be very suspicious of them, and to steep before they eat them in boiling water. This process deprives them at once of their smell and dangerous properties, if they are not of a wholesome sort.

SYMPATHY, *Thrift.* This plant is mentioned by Pliny, under the name of Statice, derived from a Greek word, which signifies making to stop, as this plant, by growing in sandy situations, is found to retain and stop the movement of the sands and to bind them together by its roots. Thrift is chiefly employed in gardens for borders. It is found on every part of our coasts, where its favourite soil seems to be a marine mud or ooze, mixed with the shingles of the sea-beach, and on this account, as well as from its grassy leaves, it is generally called the Sea Pink. Phillips says that he has seen it so abundant on a little common between Lancing and Worthing, in Sussex, as to form a complete green turf in winter, enamelling the ground from

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May until August by a mass of pink flowers, which form a charming contrast with the blue of the ocean.

TEARS, *Helenium*. The flowers of the Helenium resemble small suns of a beautiful yellow. They blow in autumn with the asters. They are said to have been produced by the tears of Helena.

TEMPTATION, *Quince*. It has been asserted that the golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides were Quinces, and that these tempted Hercules to attack the dragon which guarded them: in confirmation of this conjecture, a statue of the demi-god, holding a Quince in his hand, as a trophy, is referred to. It is also alleged that it was by means of Quinces given to him by Venus that Hippomenes amused Atalanta during the race with her, and won it. It is further supposed that the fruit of the forbidden tree, which Eve was tempted to pluck, was the Quince, and not the apple, as it is generally believed.

THANKFULNESS, *Agrimony*. This is a pretty campanula, whose flowers, of the most delicate lilac

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colour, hang from the stalk like bells. The French call it *Religieuse des Champs*, "Nun of the Fields," a name probably given out of gratitude to this pretty, salutary, and useful campanula, in memory of some kind, tender, and compassionate nurse.

THINK OF ME, *Heart's-ease.* Page 60.

TIES, *Tendrils of climbing plants*, which entwine and bind fast every thing they come near.

TIME, *White Poplar.* The White Poplar raises its lofty head on a straight trunk, covered with silvery bark, to the height of ninety feet or more. The ancients consecrated it to Time, because the leaves of this handsome tree are in constant motion, and, being dark on one side and white on the other, they indicate the alternation of day and night.

TIMIDITY, *Marvel of Peru.* Page 225.

TRANQUILLITY, *Stonecrop.* The ancients regarded Stonecrop as a cure for hydrophobia; it is still sometimes resorted to in that dreadful malady.

TREACHERY, *Bilberry*, or *Whortleberry.* Œnomaüs, father of the beautiful Hippodamia, chose for his attendant the young Myrtillus, son of

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Mercury. Proud of his skill, he insisted that all the suitors who aspired to the hand of his daughter should compete for the prize in a chariot race with him. Pelops, who wished to obtain Hippodamia, promised Myrtillus a large reward if he would take out the linch-pin of his master's chariot. Myrtillus was not proof against the offer: in consequence, the chariot was overturned and Œnomaüs killed: but as he expired, he implored Pelops to avenge him, which he did, by throwing the treacherous attendant into the sea. The waters having borne back his body to the shore, Mercury changed it into the shrub called, by a corruption from his name, Whortleberry, or Bilberry. It grows on the sea shore in cool and shady places. Its pretty bell flowers are succeeded by berries of a dark blue, of a tart and agreeable flavour.

Truth, *Bitter-sweet Nightshade.* The ancients thought that Truth was the mother of Virtue, the daughter of Time, and Queen of the world. It is a common saying with us that Truth conceals herself at the bottom of a well, and that she always mingles some bitterness with her

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blessings: and we have given for her emblem a useless plant that, like her, delights in shade, and is always green. The bitter-sweet Night-shade is, I believe, the only plant in this country that loses and reproduces its leaves twice a-year.

UNION, *Whole Straw.* Page 189.

USELESSNESS, *Meadow-sweet.* This plant is considered as an emblem of uselessness, because doctors have not discovered any medicinal virtues in it, and animals refuse to eat it.

UTILITY, *Grass.* Grasses are the most common, but perhaps the most useful, family of the vegetable kingdom.

War, *Achillea millefolia.* This plant heals all wounds made with iron. It is said to have been used by the hero whose name it bears to heal the wounds of Telephus.

WARMTH OF FEELING, *Peppermint.* Minthes was surprised by Proserpine in the company of her gloomy spouse. The enraged goddess changed her rival into a plant, which seems to comprehend in its double flavour the coldness of fear

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and the warmth of love. This plant we cultivate by the name of Peppermint, to which we are indebted for the cordial water and lozenges named after it.

WEAKNESS, *Musk-plant.* This plant has so mild and delicate a scent, that it is agreeable even to persons who have a particular dislike to musk.

WISDOM, *White Mulberry-tree.* The ancients called the White Mulberry the wisest of trees, because it is very late before it unfolds its leaves, in which respect it is the reverse of the almond-tree. A spray of the almond-tree tied up with one of the mulberry intimates that wisdom ought to temper activity.

YOU ARE COLD, *Hortensia.* The Hortensia is a plant of recent introduction into our European gardens. Though its clusters of flowers are alternately tipped with white, red, and purple; though its general figure is showy, and it looks well in a room, still the eye soon tires of its cold beauty: it is the image of a coquet, who, destitute of the qualities of the mind and heart, strives to please solely by the arts of dress.

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YOU ARE MY DIVINITY, *American cowslip.* The elegant and single stalk of this plant rises from the centre of a tuft of broad leaves that lie flat on the ground. In April, it is crowned with twelve pretty pink flowers reversed. Linneus has given to it the name of Dodecatheon, which signifies twelve divinities. It is, perhaps, rather a pompous name for so modest a flower: but on that point botanists, and especially lovers, are not very particular.

YOU ARE PERFECT, *Pineapple.* The Pineapple, surrounded with its handsome leaves, and surmounted by a crown, which is employed for its propagation, has the appearance of being sculptured in pale gold. It is so beautiful that it seems to be made only to delight the eye; so delicious, that it combines the varied flavours of all our best fruits; and so fragrant, that it would deserve to be cultivated solely for the sake of its perfume.

YOU ARE RADIANT WITH CHARMS, *Ranunculus.* Early in spring, the dazzling Ranunculus adorns our gardens with its brilliant flowers, glowing with a thousand colours, resplendent with a

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thousand charms. Scarcely any plant rewards the cultivator with such a striking diversity of tints, or affords so rich a view.

YOUR CHARMS ARE ENGRAVEN ON MY HEART, *Spindle-tree.* The shrub is thus named, because its wood is used for making spindles. Crayons also are prepared from it. It is in request with sculptors and turners. If its wood is valuable to artists, the shrub which furnishes it ought to be esteemed by the farmer: the hedges formed with it appear in autumn loaded with red berries that produce a very pretty effect.

YOUR LOOKS FREEZE ME, *Ice plant.* The leaves of this singular plant are covered with transparent vesicles full of water. When the plant is in the shade, it looks as if covered with dew; when in the sunshine, it seems to be powdered with frozen crystals, that give it a brilliant appearance, and hence it derives its name.

YOUR PRESENCE REVIVES ME, *Rosemary.* Hangary water is made with Rosemary: it refreshes the spirits and dispels dizziness and fainting.

YOUR QUALITIES SURPASS YOUR CHARMS, *Mignionette.* Page 162.

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YOUTH, *White Lilac.* From the purity of colour and the short duration of its beautiful clusters of blossom, White Lilac is the emblem of youth, of that fleeting and inestimable blessing, which all the treasures of the world cannot redeem.

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DICTIONARY OF FLOWERS,

WITH

THEIR EMBLEMATIC SIGNIFICATIONS.

Acacia,	Friendship.
——— Rose,	Elegance.
Acanthus,	The Arts.
Achillea millefolia,	War.
Adonis, Flos,	Painful Recollections.
Agrimony,	Thankfulness.
Almond-tree,	Indiscretion.
Aloe,	Grief.
Amaranth,	Immortality.
Amaryllis,	Pride.
Anemone,	Forsaken.
———, Field,	Sickness.
Angelica,	Inspiration.
Angrec,	Royalty.

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Apple blossom,	Preference.
Ash tree,	Grandeur.
Asphodel,	My Regrets follow you to the Grave.
Aster China,	Variety.
———	After-thought.
Balm of Gilead,	Cure.
—— Gentle,	Joking.
Balsam,	Impatience.
Barberry,	Sourness of Temper.
Basil,	Hate.
Beech,	Prosperity.
Bilberry,	Treachery.
Bladder-nut,	Frivolous Amusement.
Borage,	Bluntness.
Box-tree,	Stoicism.
Bramble,	Envy.
Broom,	Humility.
———	Ardour.
Buck-bean,	Calm Repose.
Bugloss,	Falsehood.
Bulrush,	Indiscretion.
Burdock,	Touch me not.
Buttercup,	Ingratitude.

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Cactus, Virginia,	Horror.
Canterbury Bell,	Constancy.
Catchfly,	Snare.
Champignon,	Suspicion.
Cherry-tree,	Good Education.
Chesnut-tree,	Do me justice.
Chicory,	Frugality.
Cinquefoil,	Beloved Daughter.
Circæa,	Spell.
Clematis,	Artifice.
Clot-bur,	Rudeness.
Clove-tree,	Dignity.
Columbine,	Folly.
Convolvulus, Night,	Night.
Coriander,	Hidden Merit.
Corn,	Riches.
Cornbottle,	Delicacy.
Cornel Cherry-tree,	Durability.
Cowslip, American,	You are my divinity.
Cress,	Resolution.
Crown Imperial,	Power.
Cuscuta,	Meanness.
Cypress,	Mourning.
Daffodil,	Self love.

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Daisy,	Innocence.
——, garden,	I share your sentiments.
——, wild,	I will think of it.
Dandelion,	The rustic Oracle.
Day-Lily, Yellow,	Coquetry.
Dittany,	Childbirth.
Dock, Patience,	Patience.
Dodder,	Meanness.
Ebony-tree,	Blackness.
Eglantine,	Poetry.
Fennel,	Strength.
Fig,	Longevity.
Fir-tree,	Elevation.
Flax,	I feel your kindness.
Flower-de-Luce,	Flame.
Forget-Me-Not,	Forget me not.
Fraxinella,	Fire.
Fuller's Teasel,	Misanthropy.
Geranium, Pencilled leaf,	Ingenuity.
——, Rose-scented,	Preference.
——, Scarlet,	Stupidity.

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Geranium, Sorrowful,	Melancholy mind.
——.——, Wild,	Stedfast Piety.
Grass,	Utility.
Hawthorn,	Hope.
Hazel,	Peace, Reconciliation.
Heart's-ease,	Think of me.
Heath,	Solitude.
Heliotrope, Peruvian,	Devoted Attachment.
Hellenium,	Tears.
Hepatica,	Confidence.
Holly,	Foresight.
Hollyhock,	Ambition.
Honeysuckle,	Generous and Devoted Affection.
Hop,	Injustice.
Hornbeam,	Ornament.
Horse-chesnut,	Luxury.
Hortensia,	You are cold.
Hyacinth,	Game, Play.
Ice-plant,	Your looks freeze me.
Ipomœa,	I attach myself to you.
Iris,	Message.
Ivy,	Friendship.

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Jasmine,	Amiableness.
———, Carolina,	Separation.
———, Indian,	I attach myself to you.
Jonquil,	Desire.
Juniper,	Protection.
Larch,	Boldness.
Larkspur,	Lightness.
Laurel,	Glory.
Laurustinus,	I die if neglected.
Lavender,	Mistrust.
Leaves, Dead,	Sadness, Melancholy.
Lilac,	First emotions of love.
——, White,	Youth.
Lily,	Majesty.
Lily of the Valley,	Return of Happiness.
Linden-tree,	Conjugal Love.
Liverwort,	Confidence.
London Pride,	Frivolity.
Lotus,	Eloquence.
Lucern,	Life.
Madder,	Calumny.
Maiden Hair,	Secrecy.
Mallow,	Beneficence.

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Manchineel-tree,	Falsehood.
Mandrake,	Rarity.
Maple,	Reserve.
Marigold,	Grief.
———, Prophetic,	Prediction.
———, and Cypress,	Despair.
Marvel of Peru,	Timidity.
Meadow Saffron,	My best days are past.
Mezereon,	Coquetry, Desire to please.
Mignionette,	Your Qualities surpass your Charms.
Milkwort,	Hermitage.
Mistletoe,	I surmount all Difficulties.
Moonwort,	Forgetfulness.
Moss,	Maternal Love.
Mulberry-tree, Black,	I shall not survive you.
———, White,	Wisdom.
Musk-plant,	Weakness.
Myrobolan,	Privation.
Myrtle,	Love.
Narcissus,	Self-love.
Nettle,	Cruelty.

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Nightshade, Bitter-sweet,	Truth.
———, Enchanter's,	Spell.
Nosegay,	Gallantry.
Oak,	Hospitality.
Olive,	Peace.
Ophrys, Spider,	Skill.
Orange-flower,	Chastity.
——— tree,	Generosity.
Orchis, Bee,	Error.
Parsley,	Festivity.
Passion Flower,	Faith.
Peppermint,	Warmth of Feeling.
Periwinkle,	Tender Recollections.
Pine-apple,	You are perfect.
Pink,	Pure Love.
——, Yellow,	Disdain.
Plane-tree,	Genius.
Plum-tree,	Keep your Promises.
———, Wild,	Independence.
Poplar, Black,	Courage.
——, White,	Time.

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Poppy,	Consolation.
———,	Sleep.
———, White,	My bane, my Antidote.
Potatoe,	Beneficence.
Primrose,	Childhood.
———, large-flowered Evening,	Inconstancy.
Privet.	Prohibition.
Quince,	Temptation.
Ranunculus,	You are radiant with charms.
Reeds,	Music.
Rose,	Love.
——, Hundred-leaved,	Grace.
——, Monthly,	Beauty ever new.
——, Musk,	Capricious Beauty.
——, Single,	Simplicity.
——, White,	Silence.
——, Withered,	Fleeting Beauty.
——, Yellow,	Infidelity.
Rosebud,	A young Girl.
———, White,	A heart unacquainted with Love.

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Rosemary,	Your presence revives me.
Rue, Wild,	Morals.
Rush,	Docility.
Saffron,	Beware of Excess.
Sage,	Esteem.
Sainfoin, Shaking,	Agitation.
St. John's Wort,	Superstition.
Sardonia,	Irony.
Sensitive Plant,	Chastity.
Snapdragon,	Presumption.
Snowdrop,	Hope.
Sorrel, Wood,	Joy.
Speedwell,	Fidelity.
Spindle-tree,	Your charms are engraven on my heart.
Star of Bethlehem,	Purity.
Stock,	Lasting Beauty.
——, Ten Week,	Promptness.
Stonecrop,	Tranquillity.
Straw, Broken,	Rupture of a contract.
——, Whole,	Union.
Strawberry,	Perfection.
Sunflower,	False Riches.

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Sweet Sultan,	Happiness.
Sweet-william,	Finesse.
Sycamore,	Curiosity.
Syringa,	Fraternal.
Tansey, Wild,	I declare war against you.
Tendrils of climbing plants,	Ties.
Thistle,	Surliness.
Thorn-apple,	Deceitful Charms.
Thrift,	Sympathy.
Thyme,	Activity.
Tremella Nostoc,	Resistance.
Truffle,	Surprise.
Tuberose,	Dangerous Pleasures.
Tulip,	Declaration of Love.
Tussilage, Sweet-scented,	Justice shall be done to you.
Valerian,	An accommodating disposition.
———, Greek,	Rupture.
Venus's Looking-glass,	Flattery.

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Veronica,	Fidelity.
Vervain,	Enchantment.
Vine,	Intoxication.
Violet,	Modesty.
——, White,	Innocence, Candour.
Wallflower,	Fidelity in Misfortune.
Walnut,	Stratagem.
Whortleberry,	Treachery.
Willow, Weeping,	Mourning.
Wormwood,	Absence.
Yew,	Sorrow.

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THE

CALENDAR OF FLOWERS.

THE Roman-catholic Monks, or the observers of the Roman-catholic ritual, have compiled a Catalogue of Flowers for every day in the year, and dedicated each flower to a particular saint, on account of its blooming about the time of that saint's festival. These appropriations form a complete Calendar of the Flowers.

The figures attached express the year in which the saint died.

JANUARY.

1. Laurustinus, *Viburnum tinus.* St. Faine, or Fanchea, an Irish saint of the sixth century.
2. Groundsel, *Senecio vulgaris.* St. Macarius of Alexandria, 394.

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3. Iris, Persian, *Iris Persica.* St. Genevieve, patroness of Paris, 422.
4. Hazel, *Corylus avellana.* St. Titus, disciple of St. Paul.
5. Hellebore, *Helleborus fœtidus.* St. Simeon Stylites of Rome.
6. Moss, screw, *Tortula rigida.* St. Nilammon.
7. Laurel, Portugal, *Prunus Lusitanica.* St. Kentigerna.
8. Tremella, yellow, *Tremella deliquescens.* St. Gudula, patroness of Brussels.
9. Laurel, common, *Prunus lauro-cerasus,* or common small-fruited cherry. St. Marciana of Rome.
10. Gorse, or Furze, *Ulex Europæus.* St. William, of Bourges, 1207.
11. Moss, early, *Bryum hornum.* Swan-neck thread-moss. St. Theodosius.
12. Moss, hygrometric, *Funaria hygrometrica.* St. Arcadius.
13. Yew-tree, common, *Taxus bacata.* St. Veronica, a nun of Milan, 1497.
14. Strawberry, barren, *Fragaria sterilis.* St. Hilary, 368.

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15. Ivy, *Hedera helix*. St. Paul, the first hermit.
16. Nettle, common red Dead, *Lamium purpureum*. St. Marcellus, Pope.
17. Anemone, garden, *Anemone hortensis*. St. Anthony, patriarch of Monks, 251.
18. Moss, four-toothed, *Bryum pellucidum*. St. Prisca, a Roman martyr.
19. Nettle, white Dead, *Lamium album*. St. Martha, a Roman Martyr, 270.
20. Nettle, woolly Dead, *Lamium Gargaricum*. St. Fabian, Pope.
21. Hellebore, black, *Helleborus niger*. St. Agnes, a special patroness of purity: beheaded at the age of thirteen, 304.
22. Grass, early whitlow, *Draba verna*. St. Vincent, a Spanish martyr.
23. Peziza, *Peziza acetabolum*. St. Raymond of Pennafort, 1275.
24. Moss, stalkless, *Phascum muticum*. St. Timothy, disciple of St. Paul, 250.
25. Hellebore, winter, *Helleborus hyemalis*. The Conversion of St. Paul.
26. Butter-bur, white, *Tussilago alba*, or Colt's-foot. St. Polycarp.

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27. Moss, earth, *Phascum cuspidatum.* St. Chrysostom.
28. Daisy, double, *Bellis perennis plenus.* St. Margaret of Hungary, 1271.
29. Fern, flowering, *Osmunda regalis.* St. Francis of Sales, 1622.
30. Spleen-wort, *Asplenium trichomanes.* St. Martin.
31. Hart's Tongue, or Spleen-wort, *Asplenium scolopendrium.* St. Marcella, 410.

FEBRUARY.

1. Moss, lesser water, *Fontinalis minor.* St. Ignatius; and Bay-tree, *Laurus nobilis.* St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland.
2. Snow-drop, *Galanthus nivalis.* Purification of the Virgin Mary.
3. Moss, great water, *Fontinalis anti-pyretica.* St. Blase of Armenia, 316.
4. Moss, common hair, or Goldilocks, *Polytrichum commune.* St. Jane, or Queen Joan, 1505.

   Bay, Indian, *Laurus indica.* St. Margaret of England.

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5. Primrose, common, *Primula vulgaris*. St. Agatha, a Sicilian martyr.
   Primrose, red, *Primula accaulis*. St. Adelaide, 1015.
6. Hyacinth, blue, *Hyacinthus orientalis*. St. Dorothy, 308.
7. Cyclamen, round-leafed, *Cyclamen coum*. St. Romuald, 1027.
8. Moss, narrow-leafed spring, *Mnium androgynum*. St. John of Matha, 1213.
9. Narcissus, Roman, *Narcissus Romanus*. St. Apollonia, 249.
10. Mezereon, *Daphne mezereon*. St. Scholastica, 543.
    Moss, silky fork, *Mnium heteromallum*. St. Coteris, fourth century.
11. Primrose, red, *Primula verna rubra*. St. Theodora, empress, 367.
12. Anemone, noble Liverwort, *Anemone hepatica*. St. Eulalia of Barcelona.
13. Polyanthos, *Plimula Polyanthus*. St. Catherine de Ricci, 1589.
14. Crocus, yellow, *Crocus mæsiacus*, or *Crocus aureus*. St. Valentine, the lover's saint,

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He was a priest at Rome, and married there about the year 270.

15. Crocus, cloth of gold, *Crocus sulphureus.* St. Sigifred, bishop of Sweden, 1002.
16. Primrose, lilac, *Primula acaulis plena.* St. Juliana.
17. Crocus, Scotch, *Crocus susianus.* St. Flavian, archbishop of Constantinople, 449.
18. Speedwell, wall, *Veronica vernus arvensis.* St. Simeon, bishop of Jerusalem, 116.
19. Speedwell, field, *Veronica agrestis.* St. Barbatus, patron of Benevento, bishop, 682.
20. Cynoglossum omphalodes, or *C. lusitanicum.* St. Mildred, abbess of Munster.
21. Crocus, white, *Crocus albus.* St. Servianus, bishop, 452.
22. Margaret, herb, *Bellis perennis.* St. Margaret of Cortona, 1297.
23. Apricot-tree, *Prunus armeniaca.* St. Milburge of England.
24. Fern, great, *Osmunda regalis.* St. Ethelbert, King of Kent.
25. Peach blossom, *Amygdalus persica.* St. Walburg, abbess of Swabia, Germany.
26. Periwinkle, lesser, *Vinca minor.* St. Victor, seventh century.

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27. Lungwort, *Pulmonaria officinalis*. St. Leander, bishop, 596.
28. Crocus, purple, *Crocus vernus*. St. Proterius, patriarch of Alexandria, 557.

MARCH.

1. Leek, common, *Allium porrum*. St. David of Wales, archbishop, 544.
2. Chickweed, dwarf mouse-ear, *Cerastium pumilum*. St. Chad, or Ceada, martyr, under the Lumbards, in the sixth century.
3. Marigold, golden fig, *Mesembryanthmeum, aureum*. St. Cunegunda, empress, 1040.
4. Chickweed, common, *Alsine media*. St. Casimir, prince of Poland, 1458.
5. Hellebore, green, *Helleborus viridis*. St. Adrian, 309.
6. Lily, Lent, *Pseudo narcissus multiplex*. St. Colette, bishop.
7. Daffodil, early, *Narcissus simplex*. St. Perpetua, martyred under the emperor Severus, 203.
8. Rose, ever-blowing, *Rosa semperflorens*. St. Rosa, of Viterbo, 1261.

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Jonquil, great, *Narcissus lætus*. St. Felix, 646.

9. Daffodil, hoop-petticoat, *Narcissus bulbocodium*. St. Catherine of Bologna, 1463.
10. Chickweed, upright, *Veronica triphyllos*. St. Droctavæus, abbot, 580.
11. Heath, Cornish, *Erica vagans*. St. Eulogius of Cordova, 851.
12. Ixia, or crocus-leafed Mistletoe, *Ixia bulbocodium*, or *Viscum albus bulbus*. St. Gregory the Great, Prætor of Rome, 574.
13. Heart's Ease, *Viola tricolor*. St. Euphrasia, 410.
14. Bindweed, mountain, *Soldanella alpina*. St. Maud, or Matilda, queen, 968.
15. Colt's-foot, common, *Tussilago farfara*. St. Zachary, Pope, 752.
16. Daffodil, nodding, *Narcissus nutans*. St. Julian of Cilicia.
17. Violet, sweet, *Viola odorata*. St. Gertrude, abbess, 626.

    Shamrock, White Trefoil, *Trifolium repens*. St. Patrick, apostle of Ireland.
18. Leopard's bane, great, *Doronicum parda-*

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lianches. St. Cyril, archbishop of Jerusalem.

19. Star of Bethlehem, yellow, *Ornithogalum luteum.* St. Joseph, spouse of the Virgin Mary.

20. Violet, dog's, *Viola canina.* St. Wolfram, archbishop of Sens, 720.

21. Fumitory, bulbous, *Fumaria bulbosa.* St. Bennet, or Benedict, founder of the Order of Benedict, of Rome, 543.

22. Ficaria verna. St. Catherine of Sweden, abbess, 1381.

23. Daffodil, peerless, *Narcissus incomparabilis.* St. Alphonsus Turibius, archbishop of Lima, 1606.

24. Saxifrage, golden, *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium.* St. Irenæus, bishop of Sirmium, 304.

25. Marigold, *Calendula officinalis.* Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.

26. Henbane, nightshade-leafed, *Hyosciamus scopalia.* St. Braulio, bishop of Saragossa, 646.

27. Jonquil, sweet, *Narcissus odorus.* St. John of Egypt, hermit, 394.

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28. Leopard's bane, *Doronicum plantagineum*. St. Priscus, 260.
29. Ox-lip, or great Cowslip, *Primula elatior*. St. Eustatius, abbot, 625.
    Fumitory, *Fumaria officinalis*. St. Jonas, 327.
30. Water-cress, *Cardamine hirsuta*. St. John of Climacus.
    Daffodil, lesser, *Narcissus minor*. St. Zosimus, bishop of Syracuse, 660.
31. Benjamin-tree, *Laurus benzoin*. St. Benjamin, deacon, martyr, 424.

APRIL.

1. Mercury, French annual, *Mercurialis annua*. St. Hugh, bishop, 1132.
2. Violet, white, *Viola alba*. St. Francis, of Paula, a native of Calabria.
3. Alkanet, evergreen, *Anchusa sempervirens*. St. Agape, 304.
4. Crown Imperial, red, *Fritillaria imperialis*. St. Isidore, bishop of Seville, 636.
5. Crown Imperial, yellow, *Fritillaria imperialis lutea*. St. Vincent Ferrer, 1419.
6. Hyacinth, starch, *Hyacinthus racemosus*. St. Sixtus I., Pope.

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7. Anemone, wood, *Anemona nemorosa.* St. Aphraates, fourth century.
8. Ground-ivy, *Glechoma hederacea.* St. Dionysius, bishop of Corinth.
9. Polyanthos, red, *Primula.* St. Mary, of Egypt, 421.
10. Violet, pale, *Viola tambrigens.* St. Mechtildes, abbess, fourteenth century.
11. Dandelion, *Leontodon taraxacum.* St. Leo the Great, Pope, 461.
12. Saxifrage, great thick-leafed, *Saxifraga crassifolia.* St. Zeno, bishop, 380.
13. Narcissus, green, *Narcissus viridiflorus.* St. Hermenegild, martyr. 586.
14. Borage, common, *Borago officinalis.* St. Lidwina, 1184.
15. Stitchwort, greater, *Stellaria holostea.* St. Peter Gonzales, 1246.
16. Tulip, yellow, *Tulipa sylvestris.* St Joachim of Sienna, 1305.
17. Arum, Friar's cowl, broad-leafed *Arum arisarum.* St. Stephen, of Citeaux, abbot, 1134.
18. Narcissus, musk, *Narcissus moschatus.* St. Appollonius, 186.

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19. Garlic, *Allium ursinum*. St. Leo IX., Pope, 1054.
20. Snowflake, spring, *Leucoium vernum*. St. Agnes of Monte Pulciano, 1317.
21. Narcissus, cypress, *Narcissus orientalis albus*. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.
22. Crowfoot, wood, or Goldilocks, *Ranunculus auricomus*. St. Rufus of Glendaloch.
23. Harebell, *Hyacinthus non scriptus*. St. George the martyr, patron of England.
24. Black thorn, *Prunus spinosa*. St. Fidelis.
25. Tulip, clarimond, *Tulipa præcox*. St. Mark, the Evangelist.
26. Erysimum, yellow, *Erysimum barbarea*. St. Richarius, abbot, 645.
27. Daffodil, great, *Narcissus major*. St. Anastasius, Pope, 401.
28. Arum, spotted, *Arum maculatum*. Sts. Didymus and Theodora, 304.
29. Herb Robert, *Geranium robertianum*. St. Robert, abbot of Molesme, 1110.
30. Cowslip, *Primula veris*. St. Catherine of Sienna, 1380.

MAY.

1. Tulip, Genser, *Tulipa gesnerina*. St. Philip,

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supposed to have been the first of Christ's Apostles.

Bachelor's Button, *Lychnis divica*. St. James the just and the less, apostle, martyred in the tumult in the Temple.

2. Charlock, *Raphanus raphanistrum, or Sinapus arvensis*. St. Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria, 373.

3. Narcissus, poetic, *Narcissus poeticus*. The discovery of the Cross, 326.

4. Stock Gilliflower, *Cheiranthus incanus*. St. Monica, mother of St. Augustine.

5. Apple-tree, *Pyrus malus*. Sts. Angelus and Pius V., Pope, 1572.

6. Globe Flower, bright yellow, *Trollius europæus*. St. John Damascene, 780.

7. Globe Flower, Asiatic, bright-orange, *Trollius asiaticus*. St. John of Beverly.

8. Lily of the Valley, *Convallaria majalis*. St. Selena.

9. Lily of the Valley, *Convallaria multiflora*. St. Gregory of Nazianzen, 389.

10. Peony, slender-leafed, *Pæonia tenuifolia*. St. Comgal, Irish abbot, 601.

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11. Asphodel, Lancashire, *Asphodelus luteus.* St. Mammertus, archbishop of Vienna, 477.
12. Iris, German, *Iris Germanica.* St. Germanus, patriarch of Constantinople, 733.
13. Comfrey, common, *Symphytum officinalis,* St. John the silent, bishop, 558.
14. Peony, common, *Pæonia officinalis,* and Peony, coralline, *P. corollina.* St. Pontius, 258.
15. Poppy, Welsh, *Papaver cambricum.* St. Dympna, seventh century.
16. Star of Bethlehem, great, *Ornithogalum umbellatum.* St. John Nepomucene, 1383.
17. Poppy, early red, *Papaver argemone.* St. Paschal, 1592.
18. Mouse-ear, or Hawkweed, *Hieracium pilosella,* St. Eric, King of Sweden, 1151.
19. Monk's hood, *Aconitum napellus.* St. Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury, 988.
20. Horse Chesnut, *Æschylus hippocastanum.* St. Bernardine of Sienna, 1444.
21. Ragged Robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi.* St. Felix of Cantalicio, 1587.
22. Star of Bethlehem, yellow, *Tragopogon pratensis.* St. Yvo, 1303.

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23. Lilac, *Springa vulgaris.* St. Julia, fifth century.
24. Poppy, monkey, *Papaver orientale.* St. Vincent, of Lerins, 450.
25. Herb, Bennet, common, *Geum urbanum.* St Urban, Pope, 223.
26. Rhododendron, purple, *Rhododendron ponticum.* St. Augustine, archbishop of Canterbury, 604.

    Azalea, yellow, *Azalea pontica.* St. Philip Neri, 1595.
27. Buttercup, *Ranunculus acris.* St. John, Pope, 526.

    Bachelor's Button, yellow, *Ranunculus acris plenus.* St. Bede, 735.
28. Iris, lurid, *Iris lurida.* St. Germain, bishop of Paris, 576.
29. Blue-bottle, *Centaurea montana.* St. Cyril, about 275.
30. Spearwort, lesser, *Ranunculus flammula.* St. Ferdinand III., Confessor, King of Castile and Leon, 1252.
31. Lily, Yellow Turk's cap, *Lilium pomponium.* St. Petronilla, first century.

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JUNE.

1. Rose, yellow, *Rosa lutea*. St. Justin, martyr, 167.
2. Pimpernel, common scarlet, *Anagallis arvensis*. St. Erasmus, 303.
3. Rose of Meaux, *Rosa provincialis*. St. Cecilius, 211.
4. Indian Pink, *Dianthus chinensis*. St. Quirinus, bishop, 304.
5. Rose, three-leafed China, *Rosa sinica*. St. Boniface, first missionary from England to Friesland; afterwards archbishop of Mentz, and primate of Germany and Belgium, eighth century.
6. Pink, common, *Dianthus deltoides*. St. Norbert, 1134.
7. Centaury, red, *Chironia centaureum*. St. Paul, bishop of Constantinople, 350.
8. Money-wort, Herb Two-pence, or creeping Loosestrife, *Lysimachia nummularia*. St. Medard, bishop, sixth century.
9. Barberry, *Berberis vulgaris*. St. Columba, 597.
10. Iris, bright yellow, *Iris pseudo-acorus*. St. Margaret, queen of Scotland, 1093.

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11. Daisy, midsummer, *Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*. St. Barnabas, apostle, first century.
12. Rose, white dog, *Rosa arvensis*. St. John, hermit, 1479.
13. Ranunculus, garden, *Ranunculus asiaticus*. St. Anthony of Padua, 1231.
14. Basil, sweet, *Ocimum basilicum*. St. Basil, archbishop, 379.
15. Sensitive plant, *Mimosa sensitiva*. St. Vitus, martyr, fourth century.
16. Rose, moss, *Rosa muscosa*. St. Julietta, martyr, 304.
17. Monkey-flower, yellow, *Mimulus luteus*. St. Nicandeo, about 303.
18. Poppy, horned, *Chelidonium glaucum*. St. Marina, eighth century.
19. La Julienne de Nuit, *Hesperis tristis*. St. Juliana Falconieri, 1340.
20. Poppy, doubtful, *Papaver dubium*. St. Silverius, Pope, 538.
21. Bugloss, Viper's *Echium Vulgare*. St. Aloysius, 1591.
22. Canterbury Bell, *Campanula medium*. St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, 431.

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23. Ladies Slipper, *Cypripedium calceolus.* St. Etheldreda, 679.
24. St. John's wort, *Hypericum pulchrum.* Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
25. Sweet William, *Dianthus barbatus.* St. William of Monte Virgine, 1142.
26. Sowthistle, Alpine hairy blue, *Sonchus cæruleus.* St. Reingarda, 1135.
27. St. John's wort, perforated, *Hypericum perforatum.* St. John of Montier, sixth century.
28. Cornflower, blue, *Centaurea cyanus.* St. Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, 202.
29. Rattle, yellow, *Rhinanthus crista-galli.* St. Peter the apostle.
30. Cistus, yellow, *Cistus helianthemum.* St. Paul the apostle.

JULY.

1. Agrimony, *Agrimonia eupatoria.* St. Aaron.
2. Lily white, *Lilium candidum.* Virgin Mary.
3. Mallow, common, *Malva sylvestris.* St. Phocas, a gardener, 303.
4. Day Lily, tawny, *Hemerocallis fulva.* St. Ulric, bishop of Augsburg.

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5. Rose, double yellow, *Rosa sulphurea*. St. Edana, of Elphin and Tuam.
6. Hawkweed, *Crepis barbata*, St. Julian, anchorite, fourth century.
7. Nasturtium, *Tropæolum majus*. St. Felix, bishop of Nantes, 584.
8. Primrose, evening, *Œnothera biennis*. St. Elizabeth, queen of Portugal, 1336.
9. Sowthistle, marsh, *Sonchus palustris*. St. Everildis.
10. Snapdragon, speckled, *Antirrhinum triphyllum*. Sts. Rufina and Secunda, 257.
11. Lupine, yellow, *Lupinus flavus*. St. James, bishop of Nisibis, 350.
12. Snapdragon, great, *Antirrhinum purpureum*, St. John Gualbert, abbot, 1073.
13. Lupine, blue, *Lupinus hirsutus*. St. Eugenius, bishop, 505.
14. Lupine, red, *Lupinus perennis*. St. Bonaventure, cardinal bishop, 1274.
15. Marigold, Small Cape, purple and white, *Calendula pluviatis*. St. Swithin, bishop, 862.
16. Convolvulus, *Convolvulus purpureus*. St. Eustathius, patriarch of Antioch, 338.

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17. Sweet-pea, *Lathyrus odoratus.* St. Marcellina, 397.
18. Marigold, autumn, *Chrysanthemum coronarium.* St. Bruno, bishop, 1125.
19. Hawkweed, golden, *Hieracium auranticum.* St. Vincent de Paule, 1660.
20. Dragon's head, Virginian, *Dracocephalus Virginianum.* St. Margaret of Antioch.
21. Lily, Philadelphian, *Lilium Philadelphicum.* St. Praxedes.
22. Lily, African, *Agapanthus umbellatus.* St. Mary Magdalen,
23. Musk flower, *Scabias atro-purpurea.* St. Apollinaris, bishop of Ravenna.
24. Lupine tree, *Lupinus arboreus.* St. Lupus, bishop, 478.
25. Herb Christopher, white, *Actea spicata.* St. Christopher.
26. Chamomile, or Corn Feverfew, *Matricaria chamomilla.* St. Ann, mother of the Virgin Mary.
27. Loose-strife, *Lythrum salicaria.* St. Pantaleon, 303.
28. Groundsel, mountain, *Senecio montanus.* St. Innocent I., Pope, 417.

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29. Chironia, red, *Chironia centorium.* St. Martha.
30. Mullein, white, *Verbascum lychnitis.* St. Julietta. 303.
31. Mullein, yellow, *Verbascum virgatum.* St. Ignatius, of Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, 1556.

AUGUST.

1. Stramony, or Thorn-apple, *Datura stramonium.* St. Peter ad Vincula.
2. Tiger Lily, *Lilium tigrum.* St. Alfrida, 834.
3. Hollyhock, *Althea rosea.* Discovery of the relics of St. Stephen, 415.
4. Bluebell, *Campanula rotundifolia.* St. Dominic, founder of the Friar Preachers, 1221.
5. Lily, Egyptian water, *Nelumbo nilotica.* St. Mary ad Nives.
6. Meadow Saffron, *Colchicum autumnale.*— Transfiguration of our Lord on Mount Tabor.
7. Amaranth, common, *Amaranthus hypochondriacus.* St. Cajetan, 1547.

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8. Love lies bleeding, *Amaranthus procumbens.* St. Hormisdas.
9. Ragwort, yellow, *Senecio jacobæa.* St. Romanus.
10. Balsam, *Impatiens balsamea.* St. Lawrence, martyr, 258.
11. China Aster, *Aster Chinensis.* St. Susanna, third century.
12. Sowthistle, great corn, *Sonchus arvensis.* St. Clare, abbess, 1253.
13. Groundsel, marsh, Great Fen Rag-wort, or Bird's Tongue, *Senecio paludosus.* St. Radigunda.
14. Zinnia, *Zinnia elegans.* St. Eusebius, third century.
15. Virgin's Bower, white, *Clematis vitalba.* Assumption of the Virgin Mary; or the miraculous ascent of her body into heaven.
16. Lily, belladonna, *Amaryllis belladonna.* St. Hyacinth, 1257.
17. Snapdragon, Toadflax, *Antirrhinum linaria.* St. Manus, 275.
18. Marigold, African, *Tagetes erecta.* St. Helen, empress, 382.
19. Timothy grass, branched Cat's Tail grass,

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Phleum panniculatum, or *Ph. asperum*. St. Timothy, 304.

20. Dandelion, *Leontodon serotinus*. St. Bernard, abbot, 1153.

21. Marigold, French, *Tagetes patula*. St. Jean Francois de Chantal, 1641.

22. Timothy, common Cat's Tail grass, *Phleum pratense*. St. Timothy, 311.

23. Tansy, common, *Tanacetum vulgare*. St. Philip Beniti, 1285.

24. Sunflower, tall, *Helianthus annuus*. St. Bartholomew, apostle.

25. Sunflower, perennial, *Helianthus multiflorus*. St. Louis, king of France, 1270.

26. Amaryllis, banded, *Amaryllis vitata*. St. Zephyrinus, Pope, 219.

27. Hawkweed, hedge, *Hieracium umbellatum*. St. Cæsarius, archbishop of Arles, 542.

28. Golden rod, *Solidago Virga aurea*. St. Augustine, bishop, 430.

29. Hollyhock, yellow, *Althea flava*. St. Sabinus, king, about 697.

30. Lily, Guernsey, *Amaryllis sarniensis*. St. Rose, of Lima, 1617.

31. Pheasant's eye, *Adonis autumnalis*. St. Raymond Nonnatus, 1240.

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SEPTEMBER.

1. Orpine, or Livelong, great, *Sedum telephium.* St. Giles, patron of beggars and cripples. Born at Athens; abbot of Nismes, in France, died, 750.
2. Golden rod, *Solidago.* St. Margaret, thirteenth century.
3. Flea-bane, common yellow, *Inula dysenterica.* St. Simeon Stylites, the younger, 592.
4. Soapwort, pale pink, *Saponaria officinalis.* St. Rosalia, 1160.
5. Mushroom, or champignon, *Agaricus campestris.* St. Laurence Justinian, first patriarch of Venice, 1455.
6. Dandelion, *Leontodon autumnalis.* St. Pambo, of Nitria, 385.
7. Starwort, golden, *Aster solidaginoides.* St. Cloud, 560.
8. Starwort, Italian blue, *Aster amellus.* St. Adrian, 306.
9. Golden rod, Canadian, *Solidago Canadensis.* St. Omer, 607.
10. Crocus, autumnal, *Crocus autumnalis.* St. Pulcheria, empress, 453.

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11. Meadow Saffron, variegated, *Colchicum variegatum*. St. Hyacinthus, 257.
12. Passion-flower, semilunar, *Passiflora peltata*. St. Earnswith, abbess, seventh century.
13. Crocus, officinal, *Crocus sativus*. St. Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria, 608.
14. Passion-flower, blue, *Passiflora cærulea*. Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 629.
15. Saffron Byzantine, *Colchicum Byzanticum*. St. Nicetas, fourth century.
16. Starwort, sea-blue, *Aster tripolium*. St. Editha, 984.
17. Mallow, narrow-leafed, *Malva angustifolia*. St. Lambert, bishop, 709.
18. Starwort, pendulous, *Aster pendulus*. St. Thomas, archbishop of Valencia, 1555.
19. Scabius, Devil's bit, *Scabiosa succisa*. St. Lucy, 1090.
20. Meadow Saffron, common, *Colchicum autumnale*. St. Eustachius.
21. Passion-flower, fringed-leafed, variegated, *Passiflora ciliata*. St. Matthew the Evangelist.
22. Boletus, tree, *Boletus arborus*. St. Maurice, fourth century.

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23. Starwort, white bushy, *Aster dumosus.* St. Thecla, first century.
24. Fungus, *Agaricus fimetarius.* St. Gerard, bishop, 1046.
25. Boletus, great, order Fungi, *Boletus bovinus.* St. Ceolfrid, abbot, 716.
26. Golden rod, great, *Solidago gigantea.* St. Justina, 304.
27. Starwort, white small-leafed N. American, *Aster multiflorus.* St. Delphina, 1323.
28. Golden rod, overgreen, *Solidago sempervirens.* St. Eustochium, 419.
29. Michaelmas Daisy, *Aster tradescanti.* St. Michael and all Angels.
30. Amaryllis, golden, *Amaryllis aurea.* St. Jerome, 420.

OCTOBER.

1. Amaryllis, lowly, *Amaryllis humilis.* St. Remigius, bishop of Rheims, 533.
2. Soapwort, *Saponaria officinalis.* Feast of the holy guardian Angels.
3. Helenium, downy, *Helenium pubescens.* St. Dionysius, the Areopagite, 51.
4. Southernwood, dwarf, *Artemisa abrotanum.*

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St. Francis, of Assissi, founder of the order of Franciscans, 1226.

5. Chamomile, starlike, a fungus, *Boltonia asteroides*. St. Placidus, 546.
6. Feverfew, creeping rooted, *Pyrethrum serotinum*. St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusian order, 1101.
7. Chrysanthemum, Indian, *Chrysanthemum Indicum*. St. Mark, Pope, 336.
8. Maudlin, sweet, *Achillea ageratum*. St. Bridget, 1373.
9. Mushroom, milky, *Agaricus lactifluus acris*, or *A. Listeri*. St. Denys, patron saint of France.
10. Aletris, Cape waved-leafed, *Aletris viridifolia*. St. Francis Borgia, 1572.
11. Holly, common, *Ilex aquifolium*. St. Ethelburga, 664.
12. Fleabane, wavy, *Inula undulata*. St. Wilfred, bishop of York, 709.
13. Helenium, yellow, smooth, *Helenium autumnale*. St. Edward, King and Confessor, 1066.
14. Fleabane, Indian, *Inula Indica*. St. Calixtus, Pope, 222.

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15. Sweet Sultan, purple, *Centaurea moschata.* St. Teresa, 1582.
16. Yarrow, *Achillea millefolium.* St. Gall, abbot, 646.
17. Sunflower, dwarf, *Helianthus indicus.* St. Anstrudis, 688.
18. Mushroom, *Agaricus floccosus.* St. Luke, Evangelist, 63.
19. Tick-seed, perennial, *Coreopsis procera.* St. Frideswith, patroness of Oxford, eighth century.
20. Sweet Sultan, yellow, *Centaurea suaveolens.* St. Artemius, 362.
21. Silphium, hairy-stalked, *Silphium asteriscus.* St. Ursula, fifth century.
22. Silphium, rough three-leafed, *Silphium trifoliatum.* St. Nunilo, 840.
23. Starwort, slender-stalked, *Aster junceus.* St. Theodoret, 362.
24. Starwort, Carolina, *Aster carolinus flexuosus,* St. Proclus, archbishop of Constantinople, 447.
25. Starwort, fleabane, *Aster Conizoides.* St. Crispin, 287,

Starwort, meagre, *Aster miser.* St. Crispinian, 287.—These were brothers and martyrs, shoemakers, and patrons of that art.

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26. Golden rod, late-flowered, *Solidago petiolaris.* St. Evaristus, Pope, 112.
27. Starwort, floribund, *Aster floribundus.* St. Frumentius, apostle of Ethiopia, fourth century.
28. Chrysanthemum, late-flowering creeping. *Chrysserotinum.* St. Simon, Apostle, the Zealot.

    Starwort, scattered, *Aster passiflorus.* St. Jude, Apostle.
26. Narcissus, green autumnal, *Narcissus viridiflorus.* St. Narcissus, bishop of Jerusalem, second century.
30. Mushroom, mixen, *Agaricus fimetarius.* St. Marcellus, the centurion, 298.
31. Tick-seed, fennel-leafed, *Coreopsis ferulafolia.* St. Quintin, 287.

NOVEMBER.

1. Laurustinus, *Laurustinus sempervirens.* St. Fortunatus.
2. Cherry, winter, *Physalis.* St. Marcian, 387.
3. Primrose, *Primula vulgaris.* St. Flour. 389,
4. Strawberry-tree, *Arbutus.* St. Brinstane, bishop of Winchester, 931.

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5. Cherry, common winter, *Physalis alkakengi.* St. Bertille, abbess of Chelles, 692.
6. Yew-tree, common, *Taxus baccata.* St. Leonard, sixth century.
7. Furcræa, *Furcræa gigantea.* St. Willebord, first bishop of Utrecht, 738.
8. Aletris, Cape, *Veltheimia.* The four crowned Brothers, martyrs, 304.
9. Aletris, glaucous-leafed, *Velthemia glauca.* St. John Lateran.
10. Fir, Scotch, *Pinus sylvestris.* St. Nympha, fifth century.
11. Pine, Weymouth, *Pinus strobus.* St. Martin, bishop, 397.
12. Aloe, great orange-flowering, *Veltheimia*, or *Aletris uvaria.* St. Nilus, 390.
13. Bay, *Laurus poetica.* St. Homobonus, 1197.
14. Laurel, Portugal, *Cerasus Lusitanica.* St. Lawrence, archbishop of Dublin, 1180.
15. Colt's-foot, sweet-scented, *Tussilago fragrans.* St. Gertrude, abbess, 1292.
16. Hemp, African bow-string, *Sanseviera Guineensis.* St. Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, 1242.
17. Stramony, or Thorn-apple tree, *Datura ar-*

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borea. St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, bishop, 270.

18. Passion-flower, notch-leafed, *Passiflora serratifolia.* Dedication of the Churches of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome.
19. Passion-flower, apple-fruited, *Passiflora maliformis.* St. Elizabeth of Hungary, 1231.
20. Stapelia, red, *Stapelia rubra.* St. Edmund, King and martyr, 870.
21. Sorrel, wood, *Oxalis grandiflora.* Presentation of the Virgin Mary.
22. Sorrel, wood, tube-flowered, *Oxalis tubiflora.* St. Cecilia, martyr, and patroness of music, particularly of sacred music; supposed to be the inventress of the organ, 230.
23. Sorrel, convex, *Oxalis convexula.* St. Clement, Pope, 100.
24. Stapelia, starry, *Stapelia radiata.* St. John, of the Cross, 1591.
25. Butterbur, sweet, *Tussilago fragrans.* St. Catherine, patroness of spinsters, third century.
26. Sorrel, linear, *Oxalis linearis.* St. Conrad, bishop of Constance, 976.

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27. Sorrel lupine-leafed, *Oxalis lupinifolia.* St. Virgil, bishop of Salzburg, 784.
28. Stapelia, variegated, *Stapelia variegata.* St. Stephen the younger, 764.
29. Sphenogyne, *S. piloflora.* St. Saturninus, bishop, 257.
30. Sorrel, three-coloured, *Oxalis tricolor.* St. Sapor, bishop.

DECEMBER.

1. Stapelia, dark, *S. pulla.* St. Eligius, bishop of Noyon, 659.
2. Geodorum, lemon, *Geodorum citrinum.* St. Bibiania, 363.
3. Indian tree, *Euphorbia tirucalle.* St. Francis Xavier, 1552.
4. Gooseberry, Barbadoes, *Cactus pereskia.* St. Chrysologus, 450.
5. Hibiscus, long-stalked, *H. pedunculatus.* St. Crispina, 304.
6. Heath, nest-flowered, *Erica nudiflora.* St. Nicholas, archbishop of Myra, 342.
7. Achania, hairy, *Achania pilosa.* St. Ambrose, 397.

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8. Arbor Vitæ, American, *Thuga occidentalis.* Blessed Virgin Mary.
9. Spruce, Corsican, *Pinus laricio.* St. Leodocia, 304.
10. Cypress, Portugal, *Cupressus pendula.* St. Eulalia.
11. Pine, Aleppo, *Pinus halepensis.* St. Damascus, Pope, 384.
12. Heath, crowded, *Erica abietina.* St. Eadburga, 751.
13. Arbor Vitæ, African, *Thuga cupressoides.* St. Lucy, martyr, of Syracuse, 304.
14. Pine, swamp, *Pinus palustrist.* St. Spiridion, archbishop, 348.
15. Pine, pitch, *Pinus resinosa.* St. Florence, abbot.
16. Arbor Vitæ, Chinese, *Thuja orientalis.* St. Adelaide, empress, 999.
17. Cedar, white, *Cupressus thyoides.* St. Olympias, 410.
18. Cypress, New Holland *Cupressus australis.* St. Winebald, 760.
19. Heath, two-coloured, *Erica bicolor.* St. Samthana, abbess, 738.

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20. Stone-pine, *Pinus pinea.* St. Philogonius, bishop of Antioch, 322.
21. Sparrow-wort, *Erica passarina.* St. Thomas, apostle.
22. Heath, pellucid, *Erica pellucida.* St. Cyril, 881.
23. Cedar of Lebanon, *Pinus cedrus.* St. Victoria, 250.
24. Pine, frankincense, *Pinus tæda.* Sts. Thrasilla and Emiliana.
25. Holly, *Ilex aculeata baccifera.* Nativity of our Saviour.
26. Heath, purple, *Erica purpurea.* St. Stephen, first martyr.
27. Heath, flame, *Erica flammea.* St. John, the Evangelist.
28. Heath, bloody-flowered, *Erica cruenta.* The Holy Innocents, who suffered from Herod's cruelty.
29. Heath, *Erica genistopha.* St. Thomas, archbishop of Canterbury, 1170.
30. Ponthieva, glandular, *Ponthieva glandulosa.* St. Anysia, 304.
31. There is no flower appropriated to this day.

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THE

DIAL OF FLOWERS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
As they floated in light away,
By the opening and the folding flowers
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
And its graceful cup and bell,
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed,
In a golden current on,
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
Those days of song and dreams—
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old
By the blue Arcadian streams;

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So, in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off in a breezeless main,
Which many a bark with a weary guest
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that, flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve!

HEMANS.

When a plant is approaching its state of perfection, when its organs of nourishment are completely developed, and its vegetation is most luxuriant, then arrives the time of flowering, which has been aptly termed "the joy of plants." The most superficial observer must have noticed how different is the season of flowering of individual plants, and how each month is adorned with its particular flowers. When the intense cold of January confines us to our houses, the Black Hellebore, or Christmas Rose, unfolds its dazzling white blossoms; in February, the innocent Snowdrop presents to us her elegant cup. In the same month the Hazel puts forth

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its catkins, and not rarely the early-blooming Crowfoot shows the blue tips of its clusters of blossom. March boasts a richer Flora; then the Violet delights us with its fragrance; the Mezereon offers its peach-coloured flowers, and the Primrose leads on a long train of the charming children of Spring. These now continue to advance in increasing numbers, displaying, especially in May and June, their highest splendour; till at length the Meadow Saffron takes leave of inclement Autumn, and, saturated with rain, the Mosses acquire fresh vigour, and open to the botanist a new field for investigation.

Not less different than the period of flowering is the time of the opening and shutting of flowers. Some plants habitually open and close their flowers by turns; others are governed in these respects by the weather; others again, by the length or shortness of the day: while some open and shut at certain hours, and thus furnish materials for composing the Dial of Flowers.

According to the observations of later botanists, the flowery crown of plants serves, among other things, to envelop the tender organs of fructification, and to protect them from the pernicious

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influence of external agents. Those organs of fructification are the chief objects of the maternal care of Nature; while shut up in the flower-bud, they acquire that strength and perfection of parts which enable them to endure the light of the sun, and to perform the functions for which they are designed. It is not till they are capable of fulfilling these functions that the flower unfolds itself; but it again closes at such times when external influences might be injurious to the delicate organs of fructification. Many flowers can bear only the refreshing morning air and the first rays of the sun, but remain shut all the rest of the day. This may be particularly observed in the different species of Convolvulus, Ipomœa, and Goat's Beard. We find these in general open only till about eleven o'clock. In like manner, the Mallows and the Mesembryanthemums unfolds their flowers about noon: and precisely at that time, in serene weather, open the singularly formed Drosera, and the common Purslain, which shut again in an hour. Others unfold themselves only in the evening, and continue open all night, probably because their delicate organs would be injured by the sun. The Œnotheras, the Gauras,

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and the different species of the Mirabilis, furnish examples of this kind. Thus too the Cactus opuntia opens its magnificent blossoms at night only, and towards morning shuts them up for ever. The flowers of many plants of the nineteenth class are observed to hang their heads during night—the Camellia, for example—by which means the rain, or dew, which might injure the tender organs of fructification, can run off the more easily. In other plants of this class, the flower shuts up against rain, and on the approach of evening, as is the case with the Marigolds.

The periodical change of colour in some flowers is also worthy of remark. Thus the flowers of the speckled French Honeysuckle (*Hedysarum maculatum*) are purple in the morning and green at noon. The changeable Hibiscus (*Hibiscus mutabilis*) is white in the morning, flesh-coloured at noon, and rose-red in the evening. Thus, too, the great Corn-flag (*Gladiolus grandis*) changes its colour several times in the course of the day.

Neither is the scent of flowers equally strong and agreeable at all hours of the day: many, even of our indigenous flowers, have the strongest scent at night. The *Ixia cinnamomea* gives out its fra-

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grance in the evening only; the highly-scented Lesser Orpine (*Crassula odoratissima*) only in the night; the *Epidendrum fragrans*, morning and evening; another species of Epidendrum, hung up in a room, without earth or water, yields an agreeable perfume for years. The flowers of the *Hebenstreitia dentata* are scentless in the morning, have a disagreeable smell at noon, and give out in the evening a fragrant odour, not unlike that of the Hyacinth.

These properties of flowers, and the opening and shutting of many at particular times of the day, led to the idea of planting them in such a manner as to indicate the succession of the hours, and to make them supply the place of a watch or clock. Those who are disposed to try the experiment may easily compose such a dial by consulting the following table, comprehending the hours between three in the morning and eight in the evening.

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	Hours	Hours

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It is, of course, impossible to ensure the accurate going of such a dial, because the temperature, the dryness, and the dampness of the air, have a considerable influence on the opening and shutting of flowers.

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